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MEMORIALS

OF

DR. MACKNESS.

“ La profession de la Médecine est si belle quand elle n'est pas cupide, elle exerce tant la sensibilité humaine, qu'en commençant comme une profession elle finit souvent comme une vertu.”

LAMARTINE.

MEMORIALS

OF

JAMES MACKNESS, ESQ., M.D.

AUTHOR OF

“HASTINGS, A RESORT FOR INVALIDS,”

“MORAL ASPECTS OF MEDICAL LIFE,” “DYSPHONIA
CLERICORUM,” &c. &c.

EDITED BY

THE AUTHOR OF “BRAMPTON RECTORY,” &c.

“The memory of the just is blessed.”—PROV. x. 7.

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MEMORIALS,

&c.

THE multiplication of Biographies in the present day is often complained of as an evil, but perhaps a little reflection may suffice to convince us that the complaint is founded in mistake. It is true that many of the lives thus presented to the public have little in them that can interest the general reader ; but each of them has its own sphere of significance and usefulness, in which, from intimate association, it is perhaps more effective than a far more remarkable history divested of that peculiar charm. The sun which lights our system, may be far inferior in bulk and brilliancy to some other body of the same character, but it is *our* sun, the centre of light and heat to *us*, and we look for it, and rejoice in it, whilst we almost fail to notice the distant fixed star.

“Every man,” says Dr. Hooker, “has more influence in his own little community, at home by his own fireside, than he has abroad in the great community around him. Familiarity, mutual confidence, and sympathy, are the obvious causes of this.” Dr. Hooker adds, what, when taken in connection with the previous remark, may give an additional reason for the preservation of Medical Biography, “the Physician may, in a measure, be said to be at home everywhere, by everybody’s fireside, in the mansion and the cottage, in the garnished chamber of the wealthy and in the comfortless garret of the poor.” *

Besides, the statistics of disease are gathered from the observation of individual cases, and Biography may be considered as the statistics of human character. There is no life perhaps which if fully known, and faithfully reported, would not add something to our knowledge of the human heart, and to the dealings of God with his creatures ; and though accurate knowledge, and perfect fidelity can scarcely be predicated of any biography, not even of an autobiography, yet even such approximation to them, as is now common in almost every Memoir, has proved a great help in extending our knowledge of that most important science, the moral history of the human race.

* “Hooker’s Physician and Patient,” edited by Dr. Bentley, p. 266.

Then, again, there are those whose lives have a claim to notice quite distinct from the space which they may have filled in the public eye. Southey, in pressing for a full and minute account of the life of Henry Kirke White, says, "The example of a young man, winning his way against great difficulties, of such honourable ambition, such unexampled industry, such a righteous and holy confidence in genius, ought not to be withheld. A full and faithful narrative of his difficulties, his hopes, and eventual success, till it pleased God to promote him to a higher state of existence, will be a lasting encouragement to others, who have the same up-hill path to tread." Something of this value will, we believe, be found to attach to the life of him of whom we would here endeavour to preserve some memorials. He was himself an affectionate admirer of Kirke White's character and writings; from his history he had, there is little doubt, derived encouragement in a no less difficult path, and his own history, if equally well known, would, as he was accustomed to say, furnish lessons both affecting and instructive. One cannot but wish that he had not left those lessons to be gathered from the scanty and treacherous reminiscences of survivors, but had recorded them himself.

There is yet another reason which may be in itself sufficient to justify, what might otherwise

appear the mere fond desire of partial affection to invest its object, with a transient notoriety, and to retard for one instant that wave of oblivion, which too soon overwhelms the memory of those whose place knoweth them no more. Dr. Mackness came before the public as a writer on Medical Ethics, and it is well to show if we can, that he was one who in practice, as well as on paper, had seized and exhibited in lineaments of touching beauty the Moral Aspect of Medical Life.

James Mackness, the subject of this Memoir, was born at Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, on the 31st of March 1804.

His father Mr. Thomas Mackness, was a person of considerable talent and activity, and might have done very well in the world had he possessed the steady principle, and persevering industry of his son. As it was, there can be little doubt that to his roving habits and love of pleasure, were due a great part of the difficulties which beset that son's course, and by compelling him to labours and efforts beyond his strength, prepared for him a premature grave. So true is it, that the web of our life is spun at the cradle foot, that even in this sense the sins of the fathers are visited on the children.

His mother's name was Beulah Gent, the daughter of parents whose faith and piety, like the Old Testament saints, were attested

by the name they gave their child. Her married life was not a very happy one, the habits of the husband were not such as to conduce to domestic happiness and prosperity, nor had the education and training of the wife fitted her to supply his deficiencies. She was however a trulypious woman, and in the many solitary hours she was doomed to pass, she used to find consolation in singing hymns. Her voice was very sweet, and her son would, in after years, recount with deep feeling the impression that her plaintive accents, used to make upon him when heard as a boy. Often when on a Sunday evening he would come in worn with professional duties, scarcely having had an hour to himself, he would ask to have one of these familiar hymns played to him, and would join in singing it, with eyes suffused in tears. One of those which he most frequently called for, was Cowper's pathetic hymn.

Hark! my soul, it is the Lord,

sung to the tune of *Cookham*. This was one which had been an especial favourite with his mother, and he would particularly dwell on the feeling with which she used to sing those lines,

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

But to return from this digression. The offspring of this marriage was two sons, of whom James was the eldest. His childhood was a very trying one, for at the age of five he underwent the operation of lithotomy, a sad prelude to a life of much physical suffering.

When he was in his 8th year, his parents removed to Edinburgh, where his father, then in the lace trade, opened a lace warehouse with the view of introducing the pillow lace, then so extensively made in Northamptonshire, to a northern market. James was left at Wellingborough under the care of a Mr. Wooding, and attended a day school. He used to speak of his treatment at school as harsh, and to say that the severest chastisement he ever received, was for remonstrating against a piece of injustice which the master had been guilty of towards him. The writer once quoted to him a sentiment of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his novel of "Night and Morning," "Beware of a man who has been harshly treated in his childhood." "Then," he replied, "you might beware of me, for I am sure I was harshly treated." And this would apply not merely to his treatment at school, but at home, for his father, though fond of him, and proud of his promising talents, was hot and hasty, and little discriminating in his punishments.

When James was about twelve or thirteen years of age, he was removed to Scotland, and

again sent to school in Edinburgh for a year or two. It was during this period, probably, that he began those efforts at self-improvement, to which he owed much of his after usefulness. His thirst for knowledge was ardent. Every shilling he could command was spent at a book stall, and the books so procured were re-sold, and others purchased, at how great a loss may be imagined. With these volumes he would wander away into the country, when a holiday set him at liberty, to feast his mind with something congenial to its own tastes. The books he read were generally the best authors, Addison, Goldsmith, and other English classics; indeed, this may be considered as somewhat of a compensation in the lot of the poor student; he reads but few books, but those are generally worth reading, since it is the standard authors, those who have stood the test of numerous editions, which are the chief supply of book stalls.

It was the purpose of Mr. Mackness, to bring his son up to the business of a draper, and some steps were taken towards placing him in this trade, but his repugnance to the occupation, and his strong desire to enter the medical profession, at last prevailed; being seconded by the entreaties of his mother, who was alarmed lest he should go to sea if his father continued to oppose the bent of his mind. Thus urged, his father consented, and his medical studies began. He was

at that time almost eighteen, and had had nothing more than an ordinary English education, but he began immediately to apply himself to Latin and French, giving also close and regular attendance at the medical schools and dissecting rooms. Scarcely, indeed, would he allow himself time to take his meals, a fact which would meet with easy belief from those who knew him in the days when he had earned some right to leisure, but could scarcely be persuaded to eat without a book before him. He was unhappily too much impeded in his studies, by the absolute necessity of superintending his father's business, which but for him would have been totally neglected, and even with his best exertions was fast getting into disorder.

During the years 1822, 1823, 1824, he was attending lectures at Edinburgh, and during part of that time he was with a general practitioner of the name of Richardson, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of drugs. Whilst thus prosecuting his studies, he gained the good will and esteem of all his teachers, and was beloved by all with whom he came in contact. Dr. John Aitkin, who was the lecturer on anatomy, became much attached to him, as did also his brother, who was his demonstrator. Dr. Lawder who was physician to the Lying-in-hospital, was also very fond of him, and gave him every facility for practice among the out-patients. He

lost no opportunity of gaining any knowledge that could be useful to him in his profession, and was often known to attend five or six midwifery cases in the course of the week. At post-mortem examinations also he was diligent in his attendance with Dr. and Mr. Thomas Aitkin. Notwithstanding, however, all his efforts, on his first examination for the College of Surgeons, he failed to pass—a failure which was probably owing to the many interruptions and domestic distractions which have been alluded to. The failure, however, had only the effect of causing him to re-double his exertions, strenuous perseverance in following out a worthy object, being as much a characteristic of his mind as ardour in undertaking it. To ensure greater quiet for study, he proceeded to a retired spot called Craig Rothie, near St. Andrew's, and remained there until he felt prepared for a second examination, which proved successful. He passed the College of Surgeons Dec. 22nd, 1824. At Craig Rothie, there was one spot above all others, to which he was accustomed to resort for the purposes of study. This was a place called Glassyhouse Den, where had formerly been a moss-covered seat then broken down. He repaired the seat, and wrote some lines on it with a view to ensure its preservation. These lines are amongst some of the earliest specimens which have been preserved of his skill in versifying.

The talent was one which he much delighted in, and often used to give pleasure or consolation to others. Whatever may be the poetical merit of these little effusions, and some of his later productions are by no means devoid of it, they have at least the merit of being faithful mirrors of his mind and feelings at the time, and as such they form a part of his history. The lines on the seat at Craig Rothie were as follows.

“Written over a deserted but favourite seat of the late Lord Crawford in Glassy-house Den, which the author partly repaired for his own amusement and study, when living in Craig Rothie, a small parish in Fifeshire. (1823.)—

“If blooming youth sits smiling on your face,
And you for birds or nests come to this place,
Here take a rest, my charming boys, but pray
Hurt not the seat, nor pull the moss away;
But recollect when with fatigue you're press'd,
Another day you may come here and rest.

If you are now within that happy age,
When love and mirth alone the heart engage,
Here bring your fair, and talk to her of love,
While she, delighted, hears the cooing dove,
And gentle rivulet whispering through the grove;
Then will you wish such happiness again,
And let the seat untouched, unhurt, remain.

If you are further on the stage of life,
And have a numerous family and wife;
Perhaps you visit this to find relief
From tedious cares, or give a vent to grief
For a lost favourite child! O learn to trust

The ways of Providence, so wise, so just ;
And recollect, all we have here is His,
And what He took, He took to realms of bliss.
Then sit thee down and calm thy anxious mind,
But leave the seat as found, unhurt behind.

But if old age has made thy body bow,
And former cares set wrinkles on thy brow,
Here pray thee rest thy aged limbs awhile
While thoughts of early life thy heart beguile.
'Twas in this place, "methinks I hear thee say,
In solitude oft Crawford passed the day,
Once lord of this domain, whose generous heart
Gave peace and happiness to all the part ;
The widow's succour and the orphan's friend,
Who helped the poor, and made th' oppressor bend ;
And can his daughter let his favourite seat
All go to ruin, once so fair and neat :"
Then will past favours crowd upon your mind,
And for his sake you'll to the seat be kind."

The following lines also appear to have been
written about this time, or rather later :—

ON THE FALLACY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Suggested by reading "Rasselas."

Oft have I sought for happiness in vain,
Oft flown to mirth's gay cup to ease my pain,
And there determined to relieve my mind
From tiresome cares, in joys of earthly kind ;
Oft in the ball-room tripped with ladies gay,
Oft at the board, at chess, or cards, I play,
Or in the evening to the play I'd fly,
To ease my anguish and to please my eye ;
Oft in the haunts of fashion take a walk,
And turn distasteful from their trifling talk ;

Oft in the maze of bigotry I'd stray,
Tired and disgusted turn myself away,
Or mix with those who at their Maker rail,
Believe no God, and count his word a tale,
Till, at their reasoning, reason's self has fled,
And left them victims of his wrath so dread ;
Or in the haunts of Dissipation led,
Seen Folly thrive, and sense entirely fled,
Till tired of life in vanity arrayed,
I thus to Heaven's great God in spirit prayed :
O Thou, Jehovah, who hast been my stay,
Whene'er my heart with sin's been led away,
Grant me Thy blessing, never more to fly
From Thy dear precepts till the hour I die ;
Oft have my steps been wandering from above,
Oft dared Thy hatred, and contemned Thy love ;
Oft has my heart been filled with crime and guile,
Oft heard Thy holy law and laughed the while ;
But Thou, O God, canst turn the sinner's heart,
Canst make him feel for sin the bitterest smart ;
In Thy dear goodness, Lord, look down and see
A humbled sinner suppliant unto Thee,
And, in Thy mercy grant his humble prayer,
That in the realms of bliss his soul may meet Thee there.

These lines, homely though they may be, give an affecting picture of the struggles of a mind to rise above those temptations and snares to which every youth must be exposed, who is subject to the influences of a large city, without the check of parental example, or rather with that example leading in the wrong direction. It is sometimes maintained that man is entirely the creature of circumstances. Few circumstances could

have been more unfavourable than those which surrounded the subject of this Memoir, at the time of which we write. That he escaped wholly uninjured, we are not prepared to assert; but it is evident from these lines, that he struggled against circumstances, sought for help to the right source, and in the end overcame. It is true that he had one pious parent, but it is probable that she aided him more by her prayers than her instructions. Her education had been slender, and her religious views formed in a narrow and exclusive sect, and likely to be rather repellent than attractive to a young medical student, daily accustomed to speculate and inquire.

Two of the amusements mentioned in the foregoing lines as having been resorted to for enjoyment, are *Chess* and the *Theatre*: the game of Chess remained a favourite recreation with him even to the last week of his life: it often refreshed him when weary, and beguiled him of pain. Of the Theatre he was, at the time when he was a student, an intense admirer. He often used to speak of the exceeding delight which he experienced when he was able to get away from all the annoyances of actual life, to pass an hour or two in commerce with an ideal world. And no doubt to a young man so circumstanced, the theatre must have been at once a great solace and a means of intellectual education. He went, indeed, at the expense of filial duty, for his mother regarded

theatres with horror; and though he might be of opinion that her views were extreme, it could scarcely have been without injury to the moral sense that he slighted her wishes. The drama would seem to be so capable of being made a means of educating, refining, and elevating the minds of those who most need humanizing influences, that it would be very desirable if it could be freed from those attendant evils which have rather to do with *theatres* than *theatrical amusements*. For many years before his death, Dr. Mackness never was in a theatre; but he was a fervent lover of Shakspeare, and it was with peculiar interest that he on one occasion attended a near relative of the celebrated actor who has done so much to restore Shakspeare to the English stage.

During the latter part of Mr. James Mackness's medical studies, he was alone in Edinburgh, his father and mother having left Scotland. Mr Mackness's business had once been flourishing, and could he have settled to it steadily he would most likely have been able to leave his sons sufficient to secure them against the necessity of those wasting exertions which proved so baneful to the constitution of the elder one; but neglect, frequent absence from home, extravagance, and the love of company, brought their usual results, business declined, and the affairs fell into irretrievable confusion. After some

time, Mr. Mackness, sen. obtained some trifling employment under government, and went to live at Northampton.

In the meantime, Mr James Mackness having now passed the College of Surgeons, obtained a situation as an assistant to Mr. Webber, a general practitioner at Yarmouth in Norfolk. He was not comfortable here, for his master was one of those selfish men who grudge their unfortunate dependants any time for self-improvement. He could not endure to see his assistant take up a book after the day's toils were over, and would generally contrive some pretext to send him away from it. After remaining here a short time, he went to Mr. King, of Saxmundham, in Suffolk, still in the capacity of assistant. This was a situation much more congenial to his taste ; Mr. King had an extensive practice, and was a man of very benevolent disposition, greatly beloved by the poor, to whom he was a kind friend. Dr. Mackness ever spoke of Mr. King with great esteem, and would dwell on the universal respect shown by the poor to his memory. He probably learned in this school some of those lessons of attention to the poor, which he so eminently practised in after life.

In a letter from the widow of Mr. King, she thus speaks of the worth of her husband's former assistant:—"My dear Mr. King and myself always esteemed him as a high-principled, industrious,

meritorious character; perhaps it would have been difficult to find a being more kind, honourable, independent, and single-hearted. He was with us in 1827; I do not recollect for what period; I think he left in consequence of some family affliction. I know we were partial to him."

He remained at Saxmundham till 1827, when he was summoned to the death-bed of his father, but did not arrive in time to see him alive. He died the 11th of March, 1827.

The faults of Mr. Thomas Mackness have been frequently mentioned, because it was judged, that without a recognition of them, the amount of difficulty which his son had to surmount could not be fairly appreciated, but it is due to the memory of the father, to allow that he must have had some qualities which prompted the following affectionate lines written by his son in 1824:—

"'Twas he who watched my actions when a child,
And told me what was wrong in accents mild;
'Twas he when passion led my feet astray,
Censured my conduct, taught me reason's sway.
'Twas he alone who ever stood my friend,
And ever will, I know, till life shall end.

Dr. Mackness was wont to say that his father possessed talents, which if they had been cultivated and rightly directed, would have made him a remarkable man; but in some fiery natures,

unless there be strong religious principles, their talents do but serve to lead them astray, by making them dissatisfied with the dull monotony of every day duty.

After the death of his father, young Mackness returned to Mr. King, and remained with him till June, probably, till his place could be filled up, for he had already determined upon going at once into practice. He found that his poor mother was left with only a very small provision, and that his brother also (being younger than himself) must for some time be dependent upon his exertions, and he was desirous to provide a home for them.

In passing through the village of Turvey, at the time he was thinking of settling, he had been struck with its beauty, and finding on inquiry that there was no medical man resident there, he determined to fix in this village. He finally left Mr. King's in July, and came to Wellingborough where his mother then was. He has preserved a little record of this journey, which was made principally on foot, to save expense.

"July 9th 1827. Left Saxmundham at six P.M. Walked to Debenham to Mr. Barker's. (This was the home of his fellow-assistant, Mr. John Barker, now Dr. Barker of Birmingham) 15 miles, arrived there at 11 o'clock. Very hot day.

"10th. Staid at Mr. Barker's, exceedingly kind to me. Cold evening.

"11th. Left Debenham. Rode with Thomas Barker as far as Bayham on his young horse, worth 100 guineas. Went through Bury, met with a charity boy, who introduced me to a carrier, got to Newmarket and stopped at the Black Horse. Met in with Thomas Tungay, a man who had received a liberal education, but chose the life of a beggar. A hot day, cool evening. Great regret at leaving the Barkers.

"12th. Rested well, rose at 4. Set off for Cambridge. Saw King's College Chapel, went all over it, and out on the roof. (It was a truly characteristic trait that he could not pass this beautiful building without going to see it, though the necessary gratuities nearly exhausted his small remaining travelling fund.) Set off for St. Neots, called at a house and gave some medicine in exchange for bread and cheese, &c. Walked a mile further and met a gentleman in a gig, rode as far as St. Neots with him. Set off to walk to Kimbolton, 18 miles, got there very late, and found it was fifteen miles to Wellingborough; however, set off about 8 o'clock very tired, and arrived at Higham Ferrers at a quarter to 12. All asleep and no finger post, got on to the top of a haystack and slept for three hours. Resumed my journey and reached Wellingborough a quarter before five o'clock."

No wonder, after the experience of this journey,

that he could not bear to refuse a trifle to a poor traveller, and no wonder also that he should read such narratives as the lives of Goldsmith, Stilling, &c., with an interest impossible to those who have never had a want unsupplied.

The journal goes on—

“Arrived at Turvey, 23rd July, 1827.

“Came from Wellingborough by coach to Warrington. A very dull misty morning, it cleared up towards mid-day, emblematical I hope of my success.

“24th. Went to see my uncle at Sharnbrook, promised him some medicine. Rode off to Wellingborough, took my order for drugs to White.

“26th. At home all day. Saw my first patient in Turvey. Studied geometry an hour and a-half.

“27th. Walked as far as Newton, returned home, walked in Mr. Higgins’ park, and continued my geometry.

“28th. Walked as far as Mr. Dawson’s, Turvey Hills. Had my tea there, returned home and found a letter from Mr. King, and £5, and my drugs.

“29th. Went to church and rode to Sharnbrook, felt very unwell all day.

“30th. Received my boxes from Saxmundham, unpacked and put things to rights.

“31st. Studying geometry and agriculture.”

Thus it seems passed the first week at Turvey, and here the journal breaks off.

Turvey was at this time mourning its excellent pastor, the Rev. Legh Richmond, who had died in the spring of that year. The population amounted to about 1000 persons, consisting chiefly of farmers and agricultural labourers, with a few families of gentry. Mr. Mackness took a small house and brought his mother there. His skill, assiduity, and kindness of manner, soon gained him practice, at first amongst the poor, but gradually rising from them to more lucrative patients.

There is but little to record in the life of a village surgeon, though few callings in life are more useful if conscientiously fulfilled. Like the life of the village pastor, its usefulness is made up of daily recurring acts, each simple and obscure in itself, but tending altogether to diminish in a perceptible degree, the aggregate of human misery. Here the humane and skilful man goes to the mother, and bids her dry her tears, her son will live; here he arrests by timely measures the fell disease, which if unchecked would snatch the father from the head of the family; here he rouses the stupid fatalist from a blind submission to what he fancies is the will of God, and shows him that God ever works by means; here he teaches the awkward and ignorant nurse

some better method of executing her task, and thus saves the patient from unnecessary suffering; he gives courage by his presence, relief by his remedies, and comfort by his kindness. What a pity that a vocation so blessed should be nullified by ignorance and neglect, or disfigured by coarse manners and low habits. But happily the race of ignorant and brutalized practitioners is fast dying out, and no resuscitation of it will be endured in our present state of society.

In a little Tract, called *The Two Patients*, the materials for which were communicated to the writer by Dr. Mackness, there is a pleasing account of one of the scenes which made up his life at Turvey. In his original notes, the description of the locality was much fuller, and it is greatly to be regretted that these notes were destroyed. What is printed is as follows—

“It was Sunday morning, and duty required me to ride to a neighbouring village to see a patient. My road lay through one of those sweet valleys in which the Ouse winds its peaceful course. It was early spring, and all nature appeared freshly awakened to enjoyment. The meadows were covered with a rich carpet of green herbage, and the trees had not yet fully unfolded their leaves. Not a sound was to be heard, except the occasional note of a lark or a blackbird, and the ceaseless hum of the busy insects. A sabbath peace lay on all around—a

peace which is no where so observable as in the country. Its stillness sank into my own soul ; and I felt that, though unable at that time to attend the house of God, I might yet seek and enjoy communion with Him amidst his works, and be led by them to value more fully his revealed word. When my eye rested on the animals quietly grazing in the meadows, when I gazed on the beauties of nature around me, my heart was filled with gratitude to that God who has so blessed even a ruined world with beauty and enjoyment. Those are indeed delightful moments, when the soul is raised in adoration and thankfulness to our God and Father. I thought within myself, could those who live for nothing but to add house to house and field to field, whose sole object is to gain the means of enjoying as much as possible of the luxuries and vanities of the world,—could they but look for a moment at that lovely dell which I had just passed, at those spreading trees which have stood the blast of many a winter's storm, even at that humble furze gay with golden flowers, at those blades of grass which spring up beneath the feet ; would they not feel a momentary conviction that there are enjoyments which it needs not wealth to purchase ? might they not be forced to confess how great is God, how little is man ! And what is it that mars all the beauty and harmony of nature ? Whence comes the aching heart, the

harassed mind, the fretted temper, that so often prevent our enjoying what God freely scatters in our path, and which are too often witnessed even amidst the most pleasing scenes? Is it not the love of sin and the world, a heart unreconciled to God, a distrust of his providential care? Alas! with all its beauty, sin and sorrow reign over this earth. With these and similar reflections I strove to occupy my mind, and keep off the anxiety I felt respecting a patient named William Dally, whom I was going to visit, and with whom I had spent the whole of the preceding night.

“I had now to pass through the quiet village of Turvey. All was still, save the trampling of my horse’s feet; the street was empty, for this was the hour of Divine worship. There was one of the villagers, however, to whom the day of God and the word of God were alike a blank. I allude to a poor idiot, who stood among the stacks, and vacantly gazed on me as I passed. As I looked into his unmeaning countenance, where no ray of intelligence was visible, I could not but reflect on the inestimable value of God’s gift of reason. Yes, reason is indeed a great, a glorious gift! By it we learn to see God in his works; by it we are capable of receiving the revelation of the glorious future promised in God’s word, and of believing in Him who is ‘the resurrection and the life.’

“The sight of the poor idiot, and the anxiety I felt about the patient I was going to visit, gave a subdued and somewhat saddened tone to my mind, as I approached the dwelling of poor Dally. The cottage with its well-stocked garden, was superior to those generally inhabited by labourers. It had two rooms below stairs, and two above; whilst the many little conveniences and comforts of the inside, proved that the occupier was at once a thriving and an ingenious person. William Dally was both. He was that very useful person, a handy and industrious village carpenter, of sober, steady habits, always at home in the hours of relaxation from toil. He had that great blessing to a poor man’s home—a prudent and pious wife, who did every thing in her power to increase the comforts of her husband and four children. Mary, the eldest girl, was a clever and teachable child, nine years of age; a diligent scholar in the day and Sunday schools; and quite useful to her mother, in the concerns of the house and care of the younger children. William Dally and his wife loved God, and were constant attendants on his house. They knew nothing of the strife and turmoil of the world; their chief care was to bring up their children in the fear of God, and with ‘quietness to work and eat their own bread.’ Endeared to each other, and respected by all classes of their neighbours, they looked for a city ‘which hath

foundations, whose builder and maker is God ;' whose ' walls are salvation and its gates praise :' and they were happy. When William returned from a hard day's work, he was cheered by the welcome of his wife, and the smiles of his children ; his toils were soon forgotten whilst he partook of a frugal meal ; his children gathering around him, all eager to impart their stock of news.

"Thus refreshed, he would perhaps go and work a little in his garden, or feed the pig, which was fattening for the winter bacon ; then return to the house, and, seated in his arm chair near his young daughter, read aloud from that blessed word, which declares that the Lord hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him. The prayer of faith, and the thanksgiving of a humble heart, closed the day ;—and thus passed the life of William Dally. But a cloud had now darkened their sky. William was ill. Exposure to wet had brought on inflammation of the lungs. I had left him a few hours before, in extreme danger ; and as I now approached the cottage, I looked anxiously to see whether the curtains of the bed-room were yet undrawn. Having fastened my horse to the gate, I entered the house. No one was below : I mounted quickly the staircase, and entered the room above, where the whole family were gathered

round the bed of the dying man. Nursed in the arms of his sobbing wife, with his hands resting on the heads of his two elder children, while the younger ones also stood crying by the bedside, he was in the act of uttering the words, 'I will be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless.' I approached my patient, and found that he was indeed fast sinking. The sight of the distressed family, and my own regret that medical help could no longer be of use, oppressed my mind; I retired for a few minutes into the field behind the house; where, sitting down under a large tree, tears came to my relief.

"Thoughts rapidly passed through my mind nearly as follows:—How unsearchable are the dealings of God, and his ways past finding out! Here is a poor family, hitherto respectable and independent, now to be deprived of their head. The wife about to become a lonely widow, and the children to be cast on the world, deprived of their best earthly protector. Why is this worthy man snatched away, when so many remain, the very pests of society, and burdens to the wretched families to which they belong? But the thought immediately struck me,—'Who art thou, O vain man, that repliest against God?' Rom. ix. 20. This may be one of the ways in which His glory is to be advanced, and his wise designs brought to pass. Ah! surely, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground

without our Father, we 'are of more value than many sparrows.' I returned into the house; I found the family still hanging over the dying man, the open Bible yet lying before him. His countenance was changed, and reason was evidently tottering. He was near his end.

"I stayed till, after a short struggle, he ceased to breathe: and then, administering, to the best of my ability, a few words of comfort to the poor widow, I bent my way sorrowfully home."

The poor fellow whose death is here recorded is mentioned in some humorous lines, which the young surgeon wrote on a grotto, in Mr. Higgins' park.

There's Dally Will whom well I wot,
Hath not great skill in mathematics,
And Cotton John whom well I ween,
But little knows of metaphysics,
Yet still devoid of all experience,
They've made this grot a great convenience,
For those who study either science,
To read and think without annoyance.

The grotto elicited from him at another time, some lines of a more serious character.

Oft have I wished some lone retreat to find,
And there in secret calm my troubled mind,
Secluded from the world, save earth and air,
There breathe the feelings of my heart in prayer,
There praise my Maker while his works I view,
In nature's beauties, ever-varying, new,
This grot commanding such a prospect fair,
Is what I want, and there I'll oft repair.

Even at this period of his life, when money was of so much more importance to him than in his later years, Mr. Mackness was exceedingly liberal and considerate in his dealings with the poor. He could not bear to take money from those, who he knew could ill afford to pay it, even when he himself could scarcely afford to lose it. Often when a poor man came with a somewhat rueful countenance to settle his doctor's bill, he would surprise him with giving him a receipt in full without taking the amount,—or would say, “Well pay me so much—what you can afford, and here is a receipt for you.” A somewhat amusing incident illustrative of his liberality, occurred in the case of a poor artisan in the village. This man was useful and handy in more ways than in his trade. He was frequently employed by Mr. Mackness, to sit up at night with sick persons, and to do any little useful office, which might be required in a village. He had been ill himself—or his wife had, and required medical treatment. When the time came for him to send in his bill to Mr. Mackness for tailoring and other services, he had evidently charged as high as in decency he could, in the hope of balancing the tremendous account he expected from the doctor. When the dreaded document was received, its amount was so moderate, that the poor man's conscience smote him. He took the two bills to Mr Mackness, and said (no doubt sheepishly

enough,) 'I'll tell you what, Sir, this won't do, you must either tack a piece on your bill, or I must take a piece off mine.' For this poor man Dr. Mackness ever retained a great regard; he never went to Turvey without calling to see him, and would now and then send him some mark of his remembrance.

On the 5th of January 1830, Mr. Mackness married Maria, the second daughter of John Whitworth, Esq. of Turvey. On the back of his marriage certificate is written a solemn prayer, for the blessing of God to enable him to fulfil the duties of his new station.

Prior to this, he had moved into a larger house, one half of which was at first inhabited by Mr. Cecil, the dissenting minister of the place, for Turvey had now a dissenting chapel and congregation. The appointment of a clergyman whose views were dissimilar to those of Mr. Richmond, had alienated the attached followers of that good man, and after some fruitless attempts on their part to obtain a separate organization, in connexion with the Establishment, they determined to build a chapel and to choose a minister according to the forms of the Congregational Dissenters. The pastor whom they chose was a nephew of the admirable Richard Cecil, and he was a man not unworthy of his relationship either in respect of piety or talents. With him Mr. Mackness formed a close friendship, and from this intimacy

he gained many helps as to mental cultivation, on which he was ever intent, seeking to supply by diligent study the defects of early education.

After Mr. Mackness's marriage, his mother went to reside at Harold, a neighbouring village, where her son provided for her comfort, and allowed her sufficient to make her little income enough for her support. This assistance he kept up till her death.

It was about this time, probably, that he drew up the following paper.

"It has been my aim from my earliest days of thinking, to rise superior to the circumstances in which I was born. This principle is associated with my earliest ideas, and is still in full vigour, although I would hope, though the effect continues, the motive is different. My earlier reasons for wishing to obtain a superiority over my associates, was the honour of man; now I would humbly hope, although the same wish continues, that I seek the honour which cometh from God, by a life devoted to the good of my fellow-creatures. Let me have this desire constant in my breast, and ambition is a laudable passion, since affluence gives the power of doing good, and is a necessary weapon in the cause of philanthropy. But unless a person is possessed of hereditary fortune, he requires the utmost diligence and perseverance in the affairs of life, to obtain one, and as I hope that my object is not to gain

wealth for sensual gratifications, but that I may employ it in doing good, I think it no degradation to myself to declare, that I shall use every means consistent with present duty, to insure it. And as it has been already remarked, that economy, diligence, and perseverance, are essentially necessary, I draw up the following rules relative to the employment of time which I hope to begin and carry on from the first day of my marriage."

(These rules do not appear).

"With regard to expenditure, as I hope we shall always endeavour to keep within the limits of our income, it will only be necessary to ask ourselves the three following questions:—

"1st. Is the article wanted absolutely necessary?

"2ndly. Will not a less expensive one answer the same purpose?

"3rdly. If not absolutely necessary, though desirable, can we really afford it?

"These three simple questions properly attended to, remembering the maxim of Franklin, never spend a penny where a halfpenny will do, will, with the assistance of that Being who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him, enable us to live honestly, honourably, and respectably through life. And what are the richest viands, or the finest clothing, with a guilty conscience, the execration of tradesmen and their ruined

children, compared with the honest enjoyment of the necessities of life, accompanied with a peaceful conscience and the blessings of our fellow-creatures?"

After a four years' residence at Turvey, Mr. Mackness became desirous of a wider sphere of practice, and by the advice of friends, he determined to remove to Northampton, where several of his wife's relations were living. He left Turvey with the good will of all. In after years Mr. Higgins, of Turvey Abbey, bore the following testimony to his character.

"I had the pleasure to be well acquainted with him for some years, during which he resided in the village where I live, and had the medical care of the various benefit societies established in this parish. His skill and attention to the sick were such as to secure for him the regard and esteem, and on his leaving, the regret of all who knew him."

Mr. Mackness went to Northampton in March, 1831. Here he took up his residence in Sheep-street, in a house once inhabited by Doddridge, whose study became his surgery. Here he gained by degrees an extensive but laborious practice; going out often into the country, and having much midwifery and night-work. Added to this, he studied and read hard, to keep up with the knowledge of the day, ever haunted by the fear of being ignorant of anything which it was his

duty to know. He took great interest also in every thing connected with the benefit of the town, especially of the working classes. He was a chief instrument in forming the Mechanics' Institute, and the Equitable Friendly Institution, both of which are now in a flourishing condition. The improvement and cultivation of the working classes was an object which, to the very last, lay very near his heart. In this, as in every thing, it might well be said of him, that whatsoever his hand found to do he did it with all his might.

It was at Northampton that the second incident occurred which is narrated in the tract as a contrast to the death-bed of Dally, and as it is somewhat striking we give it entire.

"Some years after this, when I was living in a populous manufacturing town, one day, on returning home, I found waiting in the surgery a man named Humphreys, a stranger to me. He complained of being unwell, and described the symptoms of what appeared to be a common bilious affection. I prescribed the usual remedies, and dismissed him, desiring him to call again and let me know how he was. The next time he called, he said that he was not at all better. I thought this strange, and put several close questions to him as to his manner of life. I drew from him the admission that his habits were intemperate; I cautioned him strongly on this point, and ordered

him carefully to abstain from all spirituous drinks.

“He came again in a few days, with a face full of anxiety and alarm, and said, ‘Oh, doctor, I am no better; I don’t mind money; I will give you any sum if you will but cure me.’ I inquired if he had followed my advice to abstain from spirituous liquors. He was obliged to confess he had not. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘your recovery turns on that single point; you must not touch a drop of anything stronger than tea, or I will not answer for the consequences.’ He promised me; but, alas! the tyrant vice to which he had enslaved himself was not to be so baffled; he had to pass a gin shop on his way back; he went in, and returned to his home intoxicated. The next time he called upon me I was compelled to tell him that the disease had made such fearful progress, that I could give him little or no hope. A short time after this I was sent for to see him. I found him in a wretched lodging, attended upon by a miserable haggard looking woman, his wife, with scarce a comfort or anything decent about her. Yet this man was a journeyman currier, receiving excellent wages, of which indeed he gave his wretched partner a share scarcely sufficient for common necessities.

“A few months before the time when he came to me, a legacy of a hundred pounds, or thereabouts, had been paid to him. Upon receiving

the news of this, he flung down his tools, declaring that he would 'have a spree,' which of course meant, drinking to excess. From this period he never did another stroke of work. His time was spent in the gin shop, or the public house, and he had so squandered away his legacy, that when he died, nearly two-thirds were spent. After hearing these particulars, and examining my patient, whom I found in a dreadful state, he having, even when confined to his bed, compelled his wife, by the most awful imprecations, to bring him liquor, I talked to him with all the earnestness I could, of the great danger he was in of death, both temporal and eternal, and went away promising to send a minister of the gospel. When, however, Mr. — went, he took but little notice of him, but continued clamorous for spirits. At last I one day received an urgent summons to him. He called me to his bed-side (we were alone), and said, 'Doctor, you have been very kind to me, you have given me good advice both for body and soul, and I now want you to grant me one favour.' I promised I would if I could do it with propriety. He wanted me to promise him unreservedly, but that I refused. 'Well, then,' said he, 'I know there is no hope for me; I must die, and it cannot much matter whether I die a little sooner or later. You have talked to me, doctor, of the glories of heaven, and the pains of hell; but not for heaven itself would I

go through the horrors of such another night as I passed last night; hell itself cannot be worse than what I then suffered (his disease was *delirium tremens*, that dreadful and common end of drunkards). Now if you know of anything which will kill me at once, I entreat you to give it me; no one will know it, and it will be the greatest favour you can do me.' I told him the utter impossibility of my being guilty of such a crime, but promised to send him something of a soothing nature, and urged him to seize the short moments allowed to him to seek the mercy of God. I called the next morning; the shutters were closed, and I was told that he died a few hours before, after passing a night, if possible, more dreadful than the preceding."

But now the results of constant labour, with little rest either to mind or body, began to manifest themselves in Mr. Mackness's own health. He had had at Turvey, an attack of ague, which came on after spending the night in a damp cottage; and from that time he was never quite well. He has thus described the commencement of his own illness.

"In the year 1834, a professional gentleman, aged about thirty, of temperate habits, and who had previously enjoyed good health, after an attack of intermittent fever, began to experience slight paroxysms of pain in various parts of the lower extremities. These being always increased

by a humid atmosphere, and exposure to cold, were supposed to be, and treated as, chronic rheumatism; they, however, began to increase in severity, so as to impair the general health, and render life almost a burden. So acute were the paroxysms, that during their continuance, the patient could neither eat nor sleep, and was scarcely able to speak; the pain did not continue in one particular nerve or its branches, but moved with the most astonishing rapidity, from one extremity to the opposite, and from one part of the same limb to another; or it would continue in one spot, and this often not larger than could be covered with the print of a finger, yet so severe was the agony produced, that he has been known to expose the part affected for hours to a temperature below the freezing point, to obtain even a slight alleviation. The suffering was accompanied with great irritability of the nervous system, and during the intensity of a severe paroxysm, the slightest movement of the body, a draught of air, the accidental touch of the dress against the affected limb, were sufficient to induce the acutest agony." Besides these dreadful sufferings, he was, it would appear, frequently subject to attacks of the liver, attended with violent sickness, &c. The year 1834, seems to have been made up of attacks, recoveries, and relapses. Had he then possessed a small independent income, the obvious course

indicated, was to take rest, at least, for a time ; but unhappily, he could not afford to relax his professional exertions, and he continued to attend patients, few of whom, perhaps, were so ill as himself. He took, however, the measure of going up to London, in April 1834, to consult Sir Charles Bell, and by his advice, had his head shaved, and a preparation of iodine rubbed over it, also a seaton made in the back of his neck. But the treatment was attended with no benefit. He struggled on through the years 1835, and 1836, sometimes better, and sometimes worse, when it became evident that he could do so no longer. By the advice of his excellent and experienced friend, Dr. Robertson, he at last determined to withdraw from practice, and go for a time to Jersey, the climate of which was thought likely to suit him. As a preparatory step, he took in Mr. Olive as a partner, with the intention of retiring as soon as he should be fairly introduced.

He left Northampton on the 1st of April, and with his wife visited about amongst their various connexions, until June, when, on the occasion of Mr. Olive's marriage, he went back to Northampton. Here he had an attack of illness, but finally came on the 4th of July to London, with the view of proceeding to the Channel Islands. A few extracts from his Diary will show that as usual, illness did not prevent his working hard at sight-seeing.

"July 4th, 1837. Left Biddenham for London, by Bedford Times coach.

"5th. Went to British Museum. Spent some hours most agreeably, particularly struck with the Egyptian antiquities, the elegance of the vases, and the beautiful casts in bronze; went afterwards to the Pantheon Bazaar and Conservatory, spent two hours with great pleasure looking at paintings. Drank tea, and afterwards visited Madame Tussaud's exhibition, returned to our lodgings tired at 10 P.M.

"6th. Called at Messrs Gale, Baker and Ward's, from thence to the Labourers' Friend Society, at Exeter Hall, and then to the Adelaide Gallery. The Oxy-hydrogen Microscope exhibited, in which objects were magnified 6000, 800,000, 1600,000 times. Nothing I have ever seen illustrates so wonderfully the design of the benevolent Creator, in permitting such an infinite variety in form and size of sentient beings, to enjoy existence. From the Adelaide Gallery, we went to the House of Commons. We afterwards visited Westminster Abbey, admired its monuments and architectural beauties, we also went through St. James's Park. Its magnificent mansions, splendid monuments, club-houses, and the public buildings in the neighbourhood, must impress a stranger with the idea of the vast resources of England.

"7th. Went to the British Museum. Spent

two or three hours in the long saloon, principally in examining specimens of conchology, and the fossil remains of Saurians, Edentata, and Pachydermata, the latter very much pleased me. Afterwards lunched with Maria W., and visited Signor Cantamara's exhibition of Etruscan antiquities—interesting as showing the state of the arts previous to the foundation of Rome. We particularly admired the reclining figure of a lady attached to the worship of Bacchus, on the lid of a sarcophagus which contained her remains; the vases of terra-cotta, the bronze candelabra, tripods, sculpture casts, and paintings in fresco, show an attainment in the arts scarcely to be expected at that early period. Parted with Maria W., and sauntered as far as Westminster Bridge, went in a steamer to London Bridge, and from thence, after examining the improvements in that part, came to my lodgings, had tea, went up to Marylebone Street to fetch Mrs. M. home, *very very* tired. Truly London is a wonderful place.

“8th. Wearied and worn out with the last few days exertion, I felt unfit to do much, sat at home all the morning. In the afternoon went to drink tea with Mr. A——, Newington. Shops all shut though Saturday, on account of the funeral of William IV. Returned home at 7 o'clock, and went to bed very early, the bell of St. Paul's tolling every minute, and minute guns

being fired from the Tower, producing in my state of weakness a melancholy frame of mind; whilst crowds of people in the streets, enjoying their various pursuits, prove the hollowness of the sorrow attempted to be portrayed by the nation. Alas! royalty, thou art not to be envied, for even thou must sink into the grave. I understand the crowd at Windsor was immense.

“9th. In the morning we went to Surrey Chapel, and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. J. Sherman, on behalf of the school for educating and supporting girls, text from Exod. ii. 9. In the evening to St. Bride’s, heard a funeral sermon for William IV., by the Rev. — Denham, poor, very poor indeed, as regarded spirituality, but good morality. Took a walk as far as the Tower, saw the Gravesend boats come in three or four together, completely crowded.

“10th. Went after breakfast to Jones Loyd and Co., spent three hours most agreeably at the Zoological Gardens, drank tea at Mr. Becke’s, took leave, and Eliza and ourselves came to Farringdon Street.

“11th. Got to the coach office in good time. I sat on the box. Went out of London by Hyde Park corner, Knightsbridge, Fulham, Ealing, to Brentford. The first ten miles out of London is one continued series of terraces, crescents, &c.

Then through Hounslow, Staines, Egham, celebrated as the place where John signed the Magna Charta. The particular spot is now a race ground, on the right side going into Egham. Our next place was Bagshot, the residence of the Duchess of Gloucester. From this place until we got to a hill about four miles on this side Farnham, the country is very poor; at first woody, afterwards barren heaths, but the moment we attained the acclivity, the beautiful and fertile vale of Bentley opened to our view, covered with cornfields, hedge rows, and hop fields. The horses which were almost worn out with the noonday sun, volumes of dust, and continual dragging, seemed to have acquired fresh energy, and went down to Farnham in good style. The vale in all its luxuriance continued to Aston, a distance of ten or twelve miles, after which, as a contrast, we passed over some of the poor and barren lands of Hampshire, the oats frequently not above six inches high at this season; the appearance of barrenness also being increased by the fences which are for the most part either mounds of earth or chalk, with perhaps a low stake hedge upon it, or where the fences are quicked, the young quick is protected by a very neat stake hedge, made similar to the flake hurdles of Northamptonshire. The same sterility prevailed, or rather increased, when the soil became more chalky, until we came within

a short distance of Winchester. The approach to this place from London, is anything but inviting. The town lies completely in a hollow, and is hid from the view by barren hills, till within a quarter of a mile from it. It is built on very uneven ground, and the houses for the most part appear very ancient, although there are some good modern ones. We continued our journey to Southampton, the road still very barren, but the vale below it delightfully fertile and wooded, until at last the barren tract terminates in a rich, beautiful, undulating country, extending as far as the eye can reach, the water shining like molten silver, in the bright glance of the summer sun. At length Southampton came in view, its clean nice looking houses, and fine vistas of elms giving it a pleasing appearance. We arrived at Southampton, after a hot and dusty ride of seventy-five miles, and after we had taken tea it was time to go on board the Jersey steam packet. We started from the pier at seven precisely. We were much gratified by the sight of the two opposite coasts, luxuriant in vegetation down to the water's edge. Arriving opposite to the Isle of Wight, Cowes presented itself to our view with all its beauties, and as the scenery became indistinct in the shades of evening, we passed Yarmouth, and had a view of the chalk rocks, called the Needles, so dangerous to the mariner. Having at length fairly got into the

British Channel, we retired to our berths, anxious to see the glorious sun arise in all his majesty. The vessel, too, had begun to rock considerably.

"12th. Not being able to sleep, I arose about half past three, and went on deck. The sky was hazy, and the sun did not rise with the brilliancy I had hoped. We successively passed the islands of Alderney and Sark, and arrived at Guernsey about seven A.M. After being detained landing, and receiving passengers for about three quarters of an hour, during which time we had a full view of St. Peter-le-Port, and were very much pleased with it, we proceeded on our way to Jersey, which we reached about half past ten. It was low water, and we were obliged to land in a small boat. After being teased with a variety of waiters from the different hotels, we took the card of one which was a list of the prices charged. He directly provided a boat for us, saw to our luggage, and when we got on shore, saved us from the annoying solicitations of porters. The hotel we had chosen proved to be in a back street, but the greatest attention was paid to our comfort, and every article excellent in quality, and moderate in price. After breakfast we lay down for two or three hours, ordering dinner at four P.M. We then went out to view the town, (St. Helier's) which is not very different from an English seaport, except that

the notices in the shop windows, are alternately in French and English, and the conversation of the poorer people almost entirely in French. The women dress neatly, but to our eyes, their peculiar caps with high crowns, and long lappets pinned up, look very uncouth. We went into several shops to make enquiries about lodgings, &c., we also took a walk into the country, and were very much pleased with its fertility, and the number of villas, orchards, &c. On walking round one of the nursery grounds, we particularly observed the greater luxuriance and beauty of the flowers, especially the roses. We returned to our hotel, had tea, and went to rest.

"13th. We did not rise very early, being tired with our travelling exertions. After breakfast we hired a conveyance with a driver, to take us into the country, at the rate of three shillings the first hour, and one shilling every hour afterwards. At eleven A.M., we took the road to St. Aubin's, admired its beautiful bay, and then turned up towards St. John's. From thence we had a full view of the French coast. We then drove on to Trinity, St. Martin's, and Gooray, and returned by Granville. We took lodgings at Longueville, on the Granville road. Throughout our ride, we were much struck with the fertility of the island, its delightful woody shady lanes, and the civility of the people, without any mixture of servility. The elm and oak inter-

mixed with the Spanish chesnut, and occasionally the mulberry and other fruit trees, generally formed a canopy over our heads, screening us from the rays of the sun ; while on every hedge was growing the digitalis, and other plants unknown to us, or rarely seen in the centre of England. The common Barbarea, and Hedge mustard, attained the height of shrubs, with stems sometimes two inches in diameter, thus proving the mildness of the climate and fertility of the soil. The fig-tree also we saw in every orchard, strong, healthy, and laden with fruit, not as with us of a yellow and sickly appearance, but large and green. After dinner we settled our bill at the inn, walked to our lodgings, had our tea, and went to bed.

“ 14th. Maria and Eliza,* unpacking. I went down to the sea side, accompanied with our landlady's son, John Taylor, an intelligent youth, went to the Marine Promenade, and bathed for the first time. Took a long walk along the beach, and felt delightfully refreshed by the mild sea breeze ; on our way to the sea was pleased with the beautiful appearance of the Jersey cows, tethered three or four in every little field. Fields in Jersey are seldom more than an acre each. If the cows are tethered in orchards, their heads are fixed with a short cord to one of

* A cousin of Mrs. M. who accompanied them.

their fore legs, to prevent their browsing on the trees. The Jersey men are enabled to keep a much larger number of these animals on the same extent of land by tethering them, than by allowing them to go at large. The cows are milked three times a day, and I observe they generally milk them in large earthen jugs, upon the mouth of which is a kind of strainer, so that the milk is strained as it comes from the cow. On the beach we saw a number of persons, gathering sea-weed for manure (called *vraicke*). This was the first day of *vraicking*, the law only allowing it to be gathered at two specified times of the year. The farmers value this manure much, and consider a cart load of *vraicke* worth a pound sterling. The farmer, Mr. Romeral, in whose house we live, tells me that they frequently put bundles of it up the chimney and smoke it, which much improves its fertilizing properties. The farmers here are all dressed like sailors, few have more than five acres of land. After tea we walked to St. Helier's, to order some wine, Marsala, good at one shilling, bottle included. Sherry, one shilling and four pence halfpenny. Port, one shilling and ten pence. Returned home late, ordered also some peas at the gardeners, they are sold shelled, at four pence a quart.

"15th. Very wet, Maria and Eliza went to market, came home quite dripping. It cleared

up in the afternoon. I went down to the sea to bathe, came home quite tired. Found by the road a beautiful dead snake, and saw one of the pretty green lizards, peculiar to Jersey, Guernsey, and the south of Europe. The hydrangia here grows to the size of an apple tree, and may be considered common.

“16th. Sunday. Went to St. James’ Church, St. Helier’s. The church was exceedingly well filled, and we heard truly an excellent sermon from Mr. Robinson, who is visiting in the island. I walked down to the pier, the streets of St. Helier’s are remarkably quiet on a Sunday. I saw near the pier a few drunken sailors, and upon my mentioning the circumstance to a Jerseyman, he told me they were English or foreign, that a Jerseyman would be ashamed to be drunk in the streets on a Sunday.

“17th. Went with Mrs. M., and Eliza, to the sea beach in the afternoon, visited the Marine Promenade, and walked some time on the sands. Certainly the sea gives a more sublime idea of the greatness of the Creator’s power, than any other earthly object.

“18th. Walked to St. Helier’s with M. and E. ; visited some of the shops. The shopkeepers have very little politeness about them ; if you buy anything they seldom offer to send it home, and appear to think you are almost as much an obliged party as themselves. This feeling does not seem

to arise from the absence of competition, as the shops are good, and many of them advertise, and profess to sell cheaper than their neighbours. Returned to dinner, and as the people where we live were going on an excursion to catch sand eels, I thought I should like to accompany them. The party consisted of the old farmer, Mr. Rome-ral, his son and daughter, both grown up ; a Mrs. Taylor, a widow (a Londoner), who has resided five years in the island, and who also wished to see the sport ; some young people related to our farmer, a French boy named Jaques, and myself. We proceeded down to St. Clements in a cart drawn by two horses ; Mrs. Taylor, myself, and the boy, with a hamper of provisions, riding, the rest preferring to walk along lanes where each wheel of the cart was in its turn thrown out of its equilibrium. We reached the beach, and at once proceeded, in a slanting direction, towards the receding tide. Presently the horses began to step into the water, which gradually increased in depth until it flowed into the bottom of the cart, which made me reflect, with a great deal of self-complacency, on the precaution I had taken in putting on a pair of boots lined with india rubber, and consequently water-tight. Hearing a great dispute in Jersey French, I was afraid we had mistaken the road, but on inquiry, found we were a little too early for the tide ; we therefore drew up on one side on the rocks in shallow water,

and by way of keeping them all in good humour I proposed that we should take some refreshment. By the time this was over, the water had fallen considerably, and we proceeded on our way. After getting out of the cart, we were conducted to the place where they expected to find the fish, but we had not gone ten yards before we were up to our knees in water ; and my boots, on which I had so prided myself, not only filled with water, but retained it. After wading some distance, we reached a small open piece of sand, completely surrounded by rocks, and partly covered with water ; and here were congregated nearly one hundred persons, some standing upright, others dragging for eels. Upon inquiry, we found there were no fish to be seen, and they were waiting till the sea went further out. When the water subsided sufficiently, every individual was bending down, digging up the sand, and seizing the eels. This required some little dexterity ; for if the fish was not seized the instant it was above ground, it would dart down again into the sand. I worked very hard with my hook, but with very indifferent success, for the night was so dark that when I did turn them up I could not see to get hold of them. I should have enjoyed the scene before me, but it began to rain in torrents, without producing any intermission in their labours ; and after getting wet through and losing my party, perceiving the tide coming in very strongly, I

began to be anxious to get out of the rocks, as we were nearly a mile from high-water mark. Being unable to make myself understood by a single creature, I thought it best to follow the first person who seemed to be taking the road to St. Clements; and as the London lady was equally anxious to get home, we set off together. A woful journey we had of it; for what with wading up to the knees in water, every now and then stepping into a hole, ignorant of the road, and unable to keep up with those we followed, unable also to make inquiries of those we met, from their inability to speak English, or to understand the little French we could command. At length, after walking, as near as I could calculate, about two miles through water and over rocks, we saw some trees, and soon got to high-water mark, but without the least idea where we had come out. We took the first road which we thought led in the direction of our lodgings, and after walking some considerable distance on a road raised above the beach, we heard, to our great satisfaction, some voices, and saw a door open. We immediately went to the door, and found it was a public-house. After refreshing ourselves with some wine and water, we found a man who understood a little English, and inquired of him where we were. We discovered we were almost a mile and a half from home, but as it was now getting light, though still raining fast,

we set off very cheerfully on our way back, and arrived at home about four o'clock in the morning, wearied and worn, and thoroughly tired of the island sport of sand-eeling.

"19th. Very tired, staid at home. Miss Romeral came up in the evening and gave me a lesson in French.

"20th. Thursday. Went to St. Helier's, to St. James's church, heard Mr. Robinson.

"22nd. M. and E. went to market. I staid at home, read, and was amused by seeing young Romeral, who had been sowing turnips, bring home the harrow on his back and drive the horse before him. In Jersey the turnip crop is never injured by the fly, at least so Mr. Romeral tells me. He did not understand what I meant when I talked about the turnip fly.

"23rd. Went to St. Heliers' in the morning and staid all day. Heard Mr. Robinson morning and evening at St. James's, and in the afternoon went to All Saints, and heard the service in French; felt very unwell, and came home very tired.

"24th. At home all the morning writing my journal, and to my mother. Looked out of the window and was amused by seeing Mr. Romeral chopping the lower ends of dry cabbage stalks and sharpening them, to serve for sticks to the kidney beans, a proof to what a height cabbages grow in the island of Jersey.

"25th. Engaged in study.

"26th. We went in the evening to Prince's Tower, but too late to see its beauties. *

"27th. Went in the morning to church at St. Helier's; called upon Mr. Eccles; returned very tired.

"28th. In the evening went out with Eliza, and found a most delightful walk not more than a quarter of a mile from home.

"29th. Went to St. Helier's; bought "*Manuel des Crustaces*."

"30th—Sunday. Spent the day at St. Helier's; French service in the afternoon; returned home tired, and having caught cold walking to the post office, spent a wretched night.

"31st. At home all the morning. In the evening went to the promenade; felt very tired, and passed a bad night.

"1st August. Very wet day; Jersey races; very unwell, and did not go out.

"2nd. Wet and blowing; very unwell, and did not go out, except to call on Mr. Neele, a school-

* In a letter to his brother, he thus describes the view from this spot. "From Prince's Tower we have a bird's eye view of the island. It appears to be almost a thick wood, with here and there a clean-looking house. This appearance arises from the small size of the fields, and from each field being surrounded by an earthy embankment, upon which is planted a row of trees; also from great part of the country being cultivated in orchards and gardens.

master in the immediate neighbourhood, a very agreeable and intelligent man.

“3rd—Thursday. Went to St. Helier’s to church in the morning ; afterwards called on Mr. King, the surgeon ; found him very kind and friendly ; came home suffering much from pain, did not go out again all day.

“4th. Very unwell all day.”

The diary here breaks off. Simple as it is, it well illustrates some of the characteristics of its writer. Wherever he went he had always an eye to notice the distinctive features of a country, its productions, the manners of a people, &c. Wherever he went, also, he never lost an opportunity of learning anything that came in his way ; it was ever his advice to young people to be thus on the watch. “All knowledge,” he used to say, “is useful, and we never can tell what occasion we may have to use it.” One sees, too, in the sand-eeling excursion, the elastic spirit which ever prompted him, even when feeble and out of health, to attempt exertions beyond his strength. It pleased God, in that system of compensation which so wonderfully pervades His government, when allotting to him an unusual share of physical suffering, to give him a cheerful and buoyant spirit, which carried him above and through it. His friends were often induced to lament that he would do too much, that he would not take sufficient care of himself, not perhaps remembering

that it was this very facility of forgetting suffering and weakness in some interesting or important pursuit, which so often in reality prevented him from sinking, as a person of depressed and melancholy temperament must inevitably have done.

Why he did not continue the journal does not appear; probably after the first novelty was over he found little to record. There is one other entry, and that notes an excursion to the French coast, where he went to look out for a winter residence. It was not considered wise to stay in Jersey the cold months, and it was determined to pass the winter in France. He went to Granville, and thence to St. Malo, accompanied by a friend from Jersey. He thus writes:—

“Sept. 25th. Went in the Camille steam-boat to Granville. After a pleasant, though rather rough passage of three hours and a half, we arrived, and went to a small auberge, where we had a dinner of fried eggs, and a bottle of wine, the latter was charged fourpence half-penny. We then took up our abode at the Hotel de France. Granville is a fine old town, situated on the top of a rock of granite. The pier, which is only partly finished, is a splendid piece of work. It would seem, however, rather required for purposes of amusement than business, as there is little trade in the place.”

On the 10th of October he, with his wife and cousin, left Jersey, and came to St. Servan,

near St. Malo, Bretagne, where they fixed their abode. Their house was pleasantly situated just above the town, having a convent on the opposite hill.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Mackness did not resume his journal in France, and that his letters to different friends, some of which contained interesting descriptions of the country, have been destroyed. One only has been obtained.

“ St. Servan, Department Ile et Vilaine, France,
17th May, 1838.

“ My dear Brother,

“ You will think I have forgotten you, so long is it since you heard from me, but the truth is, that I have either been so unwell or so much engaged, that I have not had opportunity or inclination to write. I received your letter about a week ago, in Jersey, where I had gone to meet my parcel, and fetch some things I left there in the autumn.

“ I am extremely glad you are connected with the society you mention; for although too often in debating societies speakers are more anxious to maintain their own opinions than to elicit truth, still the fact of your belonging to such a society proves to me that you feel the value of mental improvement. You are a father, and depend upon it, your children, many years after your head and mine are laid low in the grave,

will have reason to bless God that they had an intelligent parent. How much have I suffered because I had not this blessing! Indeed, if I know myself, many of the errors of my youth which I now blush to think upon, would have been spared if my mind had been engaged, and directed to intellectual pursuits. Dr. Watts never wrote truer lines than these simple ones:—

‘Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.’

“We have residing in the next house to us at St. Servan; a Mrs. F., the widow of an English physician. She has an income of about £150 a year, with four children, of the ages of four, five, seven, and ten years. She is a most intelligent woman, charitable and pious in the highest degree. She speaks French and Italian like a native; knows as much of Latin as I do; in fact there is scarcely a subject with which she has not some acquaintance. She is the most heavenly minded woman I have ever had the good fortune to meet with, and so charitable, that I frequently see her drinking a little milk and water instead of tea, that she may be able to increase her charities. I name this lady on account of the admirable way in which she educates her children, which she does entirely herself. The eldest, who is about ten years of age, and much afflicted, is not so forward as his brother, who is seven years old, yet I cannot ask him a question to

which he cannot give me a correct and intelligent answer, whether it be in Scripture, or in Grecian, Roman, or English history. He reads and speaks English and French correctly, and I am often glad to make him my interpreter in the latter. He has been two or three times through the Latin grammar, and has just begun translation. With all this he is not remarkably clever; he owes it to an intelligent parent, who early imbued his mind with the love of knowledge. But it is not merely his intellectual attainments that I am pleased with, it is his moral training; he would almost suffer death rather than be guilty of a falsehood or a prevarication. I see a great deal of the family, indeed we are almost constantly together. I give you this little sketch of them to stimulate you to cultivate your judgment for the sake of your children.

“With regard to my health, I am sorry to say the late severe winter has sadly pulled me back, and I am, in some respects, much worse than when I left England. I cannot walk half as well, but my general health is much better. In the second week of February I had a dangerous attack, which took away all feeling from my legs and feet, and I believed I was near that bourne whence no traveller returns—in fact, I had quite made up my mind that I should die. But God of his infinite mercy raised me up again; and now, except that I have less use of my legs, I am

much better than I was before. I have lately written to some of the most eminent physicians in Europe an account of my case, requesting their opinion, and a plan of treatment. I have just received their answers, which are highly satisfactory, both with regard to the plan of treatment and the seat of the disease. It appears that there is no disease of the brain itself, but that the case is rather a derangement of function than an organic disease. If such be the case, which I would fain hope it is, there is a possibility of my ultimate recovery. The plan of treatment recommended, is to have blisters and moxas all along the course of the spine, and in the autumn to repair either to Carlsbad or to Barèges, in the Pyrenees. Though the latter place is very distant I think I shall prefer it. Both these places have thermal sulphureous springs, which I am to use for baths, &c.; of course this will be attended with considerable expence; but what can I do? in my present circumstances I am a useless being. Happily I have saved a little, and it is much better that I should be thus afflicted than you, because I have not a family, and I can also have the first medical opinions in the world without their costing me a sou.

The resources of this part of France are agricultural. Near us the country is very rich, producing largely tobacco, sarazin, rape-seed, which is manufactured into oil, and corn of all kinds.

Melons grow in the open air, and in the autumn you may buy one as large as your head for three-pence.

“I am very glad to hear that your wife is much better; I trust that she may continue so. Maria desires with me to be kindly remembered to her; we both hope that dear little George is better. At any time that you desire to write, although you may not have an opportunity of sending the letter free of cost, I hope you will do so, remembering that I have always your interest at heart, and never more so than at the present time, when I see that you are pursuing the course I have long desired that you should pursue. Above all, my dear brother, both for your own love's sake, and for the sake of the love you bear to me, let me exhort you to be kind and attentive to our dear parent, that holy woman who, amidst innumerable trials, has displayed an almost superhuman love to her children. I can safely say that, when I lay upon a bed of sickness, which I believed would be a bed of death, my principal anxiety was about her. I feared her grey hairs would come in trouble and sorrow to the grave. Depend upon it, my brother, we shall never know in this world how much we are indebted to her. I know not that I have anything more to say, except to beg you to present my respects to my inquiring friends. I should advise you to read some historical works; you

will say that you have no time, but you must *make* time, which can only be done by assiduously improving every minute ; be as careful of your time as of your money ; have always something ready to employ your waste moments, and you will be surprised how much you can do. I have had an account lately of John M'Kinnon, the son of the shoemaker who lived near us in ———, who, you may recollect, went out to India as a surgeon ; he is now making his thousands annually, and yet for years the family had nothing but porridge for breakfast, and often potatoes for dinner. But farewell, my dear George, and believe me, with all my faults, your affectionate brother, &c."

The little boy, the son of Mrs. F——, who is mentioned in the beginning of this letter, was a great favourite with Mr. Mackness. He delighted in young people, and if he could get a boy who would quietly listen, whilst he talked to him of natural history, or any other instructive subject, he was never better pleased. H. F. was very fond of being with him, standing by, whilst he was engaged in the little mechanical operations which were ever a source of recreation to him. The boy would often amuse himself with reckoning up the number of articles Mr. Mackness had made since he had known him. Some of these were no doubt curious enough, for there

was seldom a want felt in the house, or a little article of taste or ingenuity broken, which when he had leisure he did not at least *attempt* to remedy. Never did a person more thoroughly carry out the advice he here gives his brother as to the employment of spare time, he could truly never endure to sit a minute without either his hands or his head being occupied. Whilst at St. Servan, he began with ardour the study of Italian, engaged a master who happened to be in the place, and was making some progress, when severe illness put a stop to his studies.

In connexion with his affectionate charge respecting his mother, I cannot forbear giving a few extracts from her letters to him received about this period. It is unfortunate that none of his letters to her have been preserved. During the latter part of her life, to write to her was generally part of his Sunday occupation.

“Jan. 14th, 1838.

“My dear Son,

“I sit down with the feelings of an affectionate mother, to address one of the kindest of sons. I hope your health is improved, and may the Lord perfect the work begun. I have prayed and wept bitterly for the return of your health, and that you may live a life of true love to the great Head of the Church. My dear, your letter is very affectionate, more so than your poor un-

worthy mother deserves ; but there is one thing much upon my mind, which I have prayed for thousands of times,—if I could have a plain answer from you, that you are born of the Spirit, I should say with Simeon, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Heaven is worth wrestling for, may I meet you there. . . . I have been to Wellingborough, and got my prescription made up. I think if it had not been for the means used, I could not have lived one month longer, so, my dear, I have great reason to thank you for the prescription. The Lord reward you for it. I have been thinking that I am doing wrong in taking any thing from you now, if you were in business it would be different altogether, so as I expect next month to have my little money which I saved in time back, I will pay you back what I have had from you since you have been out of business. Perhaps I may not live to want it, and if I do, the time may come that you will be able to afford it again. Give my love to your dear wife ; I hope the Lord will bless her for leaving her native land and all her friends to go into a foreign country, to try for the recovery of your health."

"Jan. 26th, 1838.

"My dearly beloved Son,
"I am very much obliged to you for your wish,

that I could have spent the New Year along with you ; but I feel quite satisfied, for I am where the Lord has been pleased to fix me, though I could not but be sorry that I had not you to visit. My dear, I am very sorry that your health is not so good. I hope, with the blessing of God, it may yet be better, for your last letter quite lifted me up with the hope that you would recover and return soon. I have sent you the hair ; I am afraid it is so short that it will not be of much use. You need not be afraid of my catching cold, for I cut it off in the summer. I little thought when I cut it, that I should send it into France. . . . I do not think that my thoughts are scarcely ever out of France, since I heard you were there, except when I am asleep. I make a point to go to a throne of grace three times a day, and I never forget you and yours, for I feel a great desire that if we should meet no more in this world, we may meet where partings will never come. My dear, you say in your letter, that you are afraid you had treated me unkindly. Oh ! my dear, you never treated me, but with the greatest kindness, and if I had the means, I would soon see you, for I should not be afraid of the journey ; I should go in the strength of the Lord, and he would carry me through."

Dr. Mackness carefully preserved these letters

and others from his mother, and would sometimes read them over with deep feeling. It may well be believed that the offer to re-fund any part of his allowance to her was not accepted, and though he might reasonably have shrunk from giving positive answers to such inquiries, as in her anxiety for his spiritual welfare she here puts to him, (in the first of the extracts,) he appreciated the spirit which prompted them, and ever valued her prayers as a rich inheritance.

The plan of treatment mentioned in the letter to his brother, and which was that of Andral, was undertaken by Mr. Mackness, and carried out with great perseverance, until it was evident that the patient, instead of being benefited, was sinking under it; and an English medical man, who was then residing at St. Servan, earnestly advised him to desist. In consequence of his representations, Mr. Mackness determined to go to England, and consult Sir James Clark. They therefore left France, and returned to Jersey, from whence Mr. Mackness proceeded alone to London, and had an interview with Sir James, of which the following is his own account:—

“Sept. 4th, 1838. Consulted Sir James Clark, with a letter of introduction from Dr. Robertson of Northampton. He advises that I should reside in a warm healthy spot, that my diet should be light, consisting of; just eating

enough to support life, and not more, because my digestive organs are deficient in the supply of nervous energy, and therefore ought not to be taxed unnecessarily; that it is of importance that the temperature of my apartment should be equable and well ventilated, taking care of draughts; an Arnott's stove being much better than a fire; when I am tired of sitting, to lie down or rest myself by means of air pillows; to take a little exercise, and by all means to amuse myself with mechanical pursuits, and as I cannot use my legs and the lower part of my body much, to employ friction frequently, so as to keep up the action of the skin and circulation—a damp warm sponge being first used, and then a piece of flannel; to keep my mind easy, and not let my temper be irritated. . . . to try carefully iodine internally, and along the course of the spine, as recommended by Dr. Robertson; when my disease becomes more chronic, to try strychnine, of course to watch it carefully, and to bear in mind the application of moxas, when my strength will bear it. He thinks the climate of Clifton calculated to be beneficial to me, and should I go there, desires me to introduce myself to his friend Dr. Riley. His opinion of my case is this, that if I will view myself in the new situation, physiologically speaking, in which disease has placed me, and adopt a diet and regimen suited to the pre-

sent state of my organs, neither my life will be abridged in its duration, nor shall I long suffer the pain and misery I at present do, for the organs will become accustomed to perform their functions with a diminution of nervous energy, and the disease will get into a chronic and painless state. His attention to my case was so great, his remarks so excellent, and his reasoning so conclusive, that I felt thoroughly convinced he understood the case, so that I neither wished for nor sought another opinion, and when I returned to my lodgings, I wrote out the above, for the satisfaction of myself and my friends.

“Note. Sir James thinks there is some organic change, either in the spinal cord itself, or in the vertebræ.”

Mr. Mackness returned to Jersey after this interview with Sir James Clark, and remained there till November. He took with him full particulars respecting the construction of a thermometer stove, and under his superintendence one was manufactured, the first which had been made in the island. He himself executed the thermometer, and other of the more delicate parts, deriving much amusement from the occupation. His taste for mechanical pursuits was very great, and a friend used often playfully to tell him that he was sadly thrown away in an old country, he would have made so excellent

a settler in Australia, or the backwoods of America, from the variety of things to which he could turn his hand. He resembled in this respect the excellent missionary Williams, whom he had once entertained with much interest at his house at Northampton.

In November, Mr. and Mrs. Mackness came to Clifton, where they remained all the winter, taking with them the Arnott's stove, for the use of their own sleeping apartment. At Clifton Mr. Mackness' health manifestly improved. He became acquainted there with two families, who ever after were numbered amongst his most valued friends. One of these families consisted of a clergyman's widow and her daughter, who afterwards followed him to Hastings, and became his patients, the mother dying there. The other family consisting of a gentleman, (who was himself a patient and friend of Sir James Clark,) his wife and sister. They showed Mr. Mackness the greatest kindness, and when, in the month of February, Mrs. Mackness was called away to a dying relative, they would not allow him to remain in solitude, but insisted on his sharing their family circle, and by their cheerful society no doubt materially advanced his recovery.

In May, he joined Mrs. Mackness at Northampton, and after visiting about among their friends and relations, during the summer, they started in September on a tour through Belgium. It

is to be regretted that he did not keep any journal of this tour, for though it is one now made by hundreds, every individual mind receives in such scenes some impression peculiarly its own. He made a few notes in his guide book, (Boyce's Belgian Traveller.) At Antwerp, on the picture of the elevation of the cross in the cathedral, he remarks, "This was the first public work of Rubens, after he returned from Italy, in 1610, retouched in 1827, when the dog was added." Of the "Descent from the cross," he says, "the white sheet receiving the body gives a beautiful effect to the picture." On the Church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp, "The altar piece is also painted by Rubens, he has represented himself as St. Bavon, his two wives as Martha and Mary, his father as St. Jerome, his aged grandfather as Time, his eldest son as an angel—one of the female heads said to be the same as the Chapeau de Paille." He went to Antwerp from Brussels, where they remained a week visiting the field of Waterloo, and all objects of interest within the city. They also saw Bruges.

From Belgium they extended their tour into France, visited Paris, and thence went to St. Servan to see their former friend, Mrs. F., and her family. They returned to England after an absence of seven weeks.

The next winter was spent at Northampton,

visiting a cousin of Mrs. Mackness, a banker in that town. In the uncertainty as to his ever again being able to practise his own profession, Mr. Mackness had at this time some idea of engaging in farming, but much as he was interested in agriculture as a science, the practical part was not suited to his taste. Nature indeed, so to speak, had marked him out for a physician, as clearly as ever man was marked out for a warrior, or a statesman, and nothing was allowed to frustrate her designs. His health also began to suffer from a return to a place with a clayey subsoil, and former distressing symptoms to reappear. After much deliberation, as it was evident he never would be fit for the laborious life of a general practitioner, he determined to graduate as an M. D., with a view to practising as a physician, in some spot suited to his state of health.

In February 1840, therefore, Mr. Mackness went to Edinburgh where he attended the classes of Dr. Lizars for anatomy, and Kempten for Chemistry. Mr. Underwood, a young medical friend, who had been his pupil during the last year of his practice as a surgeon, was also studying at Edinburgh for his degree, and he and his former teacher were generally together. They used to work hard all the week, and on the Sunday repair with Cowper's Poems and a volume of sermons to some secluded spot on Salisbury Crags, there to pass at least a part of the day of rest.

It seems that Mr. Mackness's health was good all the time he was at Edinburgh, (about three months,) except when, now and then, he would overwork himself. The Chemistry gave him considerable trouble, on account of the changes in nomenclature which had taken place since he was a student.

In May he went to St. Andrews, where he intended to graduate. The following brief note announces his arrival.

“My dear Underwood,

“Safe arrived, and find that there are about twenty besides myself to be examined. Lizars is here already with his wife. I very much regret that you have decided not to come, as you would have been much charmed with the scenery, and the ruins of the old Abbey. I expect to get away on Wednesday Morning, and if you do not see me you may expect a letter. Let me know by post how you fare on Monday. Farewell and God bless you.”

Your's sincerely.

He took his degree of Doctor of Medicine on the 15th of May, 1840.

Hastings had especially been named by Sir James Clark, as a place likely to suit Dr. Mackness's health, chiefly on account of the nature of its sub-soil, and as health to him was a matter of primary

importance, he at once decided making a trial of the place. Mrs. Mackness had gone to Hastings whilst he was still absent, and on the 17th of May he joined her there. He thus wrote to Mr. Underwood shortly after his arrival.

“ May 20th, 1840.

“ My dear Underwood,

“ At length I have arrived at this place, and on looking round have found such a galaxy of physic as would appal the nerves of any one but your sanguine friend. However, I have taken a large house, and shall very shortly appear in bright brass letters as ‘ Dr. Mackness.’ I informed you from London of the miserable voyage the Clarence made. I can assure you, I was thoroughly weary before I arrived, and very glad I was that I had taken a London instead of a Hull steamer, as, to say the least of it, we were much better attended to, and more comfortable. On my arrival in London, I found it necessary to buy a number of things, so that I did not reach Hastings till Saturday evening, when I found Mrs. M—— very anxiously expecting me. I am pleased with Hastings, although upon the whole it is a poor place, yet I think it will suit my health,—and that is of the most importance,—it is so completely sheltered. I see several plants quite new to me, but I have not yet had time to examine them. Mrs. M—— had finished your purse, against the day you

passed your examination, but she thought it better not to send it until I arrived. I now inclose it. How do you get on with your summer classes? I hope you are working hard; nothing is to be done without it, and if you expect to rise in your profession you must labour. I hardly need remind you of this, only I fear you may relax a little after your late hard work, and I know you will pardon *me* for putting you in mind of the proverb, that, "with time and patience, the mulberry leaf will become the finest satin." By adding perseverance to time and patience, a common mind may outstrip its competitors. Be assured my thoughts will often wander to Auld Reekie, whilst you and your friends are there. I hope I shall hear from you soon, but do not let writing to me and answering my inquiries interfere with your duties or comforts. You know that I am too sincerely your friend, to wish to deprive you either of enjoyment or of the acquisition of professional knowledge. Mrs. M—— desires to be kindly remembered, and to thank you for your attention to your poor old Governor. We shall expect to see you during the summer, and believe me to be, &c."

" East Hill House, Hastings.

" 15th June, 1840.

" My dear Underwood,

" A truce to your compliments about my titles,

you well know that misfortune alone has compelled me to resort to them ; even now it will be of little avail to be, what is too often the case, a patientless physician, and as far as profit is concerned such is my state now. I have however one patient, a pauper poor fellow, with evident pectoriloquy and cavernous resonance under the right shoulder blade, hectic fever and nocturnal perspirations. I dare say you will smile at my noting so particularly the auscultic symptoms, but I told you that I intended to study the subject more fully, and I am happy to say that I can already distinguish some important pathognomonic symptoms or rather sounds, and I intend to use the stethoscope on every occasion which comes in my way.

“ We have taken a very nice house, very large and commodious and well suited to the object we have in view. We are now very busy furnishing, and what with carpet makers, locksmiths, painter, upholsterers, &c., we have enough to do. We have a very nice garden, and although close to the town, yet so completely in the country, that I can at any time go out by my back door, in my dressing gown, and climb up the crags without meeting any one. I trust I shall often enjoy these strolls upon the Downs, where we have a sea view, studded with shipping as far as the eye can reach, but I will not attempt to describe Hastings to you, as you must come and judge how you like it yourself.

“ As you are attending so few lectures and reading so little, I trust you are acting upon my

advice about the collection of mineral specimens. On no account, neglect making as good a collection as you can for yourself, and I hope you will do what you can for me. I am very anxious to have as many mineralogical specimens as possible, as I am determined to make myself better informed on the subject, and I have no means of doing it unless you assist me. Will you also give me the title of the book, of which you have the part used by Jamieson as a class book. I think I shall get the whole of it.

“It is now a week since I commenced this letter, and it has been truly a week’s bustle. We are now getting a little more settled, and I shall be glad to resume my usual avocations.

“Believe me, &c.”

His remarks in this letter about his study of the stethoscope, in the use of which he ultimately became very skilful, afford only one instance amongst many of the eagerness with which he availed himself of every real advance in the study of medicine, whilst he was equally on his guard against merely showy inventions. He remarks in his notes on the character of Stieglitz.* “The medical man, as he advances in life, is perhaps too much inclined to trust to those remedies, and that plan of treatment which he has found successful, and to neglect or despise what is

* Moral Aspects, &c., p. 14.

novel. Probably some of this feeling is due to the crude and superficial character of much of our modern medical literature, the product of young and inexperienced men more anxious to see their names in print, and to obtain an evanescent notoriety as the propounders of new doctrines, than to make solid though humbler additions to medical science. Frequent disappointments of this kind produce on the mind of the experienced man a disinclination to admit novelties, or even to disarrange the accustomed tenor of his thoughts by taking them into consideration. Still if there is danger in the too hasty admission of novelties, there is a danger no less real in the prejudiced rejection of them. What should we not have lost if the invaluable discovery of the stethoscope, tardily received in this country, whilst in general use in France, had been altogether rejected amongst us?"

So on the discovery of the properties of ether and chloroform, he was early in recognizing their value, and adopting them in his practice; and so also in regard to other medical improvements, which cannot be particularized here.

To the same correspondent he writes:—

“Dec. 18th, 1840.

“You dissuade me from setting up author; you do not suppose that I think of writing upon a subject, because I know more than any body

else of it? Certainly not, but having plenty of time on my hands, I must amuse myself. I feel the necessity of doing something to bring me into notice, but I have not decided on any topic at present; I believe that I should very much benefit my own mind by following out one subject for some time together. You ask me how I do with my invalids, and whether they live with me. . . . The plan I adopt is this, Hastings is a resort for invalids, and with any one who may require medical advice, I am ready to enter into an agreement to receive them into my family. This is no more than many physicians do, so that there is nothing derogatory in it. At the present time we are quite alone, and think we shall be all the winter. I am aware that time is necessary before I can get into practice, but the appointment to the Dispensary must ultimately make me known.

“I observe the University of Aberdeen have just passed a rule, admitting old practitioners to offer themselves for examination as at St. Andrew’s. The University of London has set the example, and doubtless the others will ultimately follow. Have you seen Todd Thompson’s engravings of skin diseases, or can you see it, and his description? Can you give, or obtain for me, an opinion of the book? I intend to go through a series of reading on skin diseases. I have made myself tolerably well acquainted with the

stethescope, and continually use it when I have occasion. William Cook is at Kettering for his Christmas holidays. He is a very nice youth, I do not know at present if he will follow physic, the Dispensary is a good school for him. With kindest regards,

“ Believe me,
Yours, &c.”

The plan he mentions in these letters, of taking patients into his house, had been suggested to him as a means of income, during the interval which might elapse before he could obtain sufficient practice. He had some reason afterwards to think that the plan, or rather the extension of it in some instances to persons not strictly patients, had been injurious to his standing and position at Hastings, and in deference to the advice of an experienced friend, he gradually relinquished it.

About the same time he wrote to an elderly relative, who had ever taken much interest in his welfare.

“ Hastings, Dec. 28th, 1840.

“ I take the opportunity of Maria writing to her aunt, to wish you a happy Christmas, for this season has again returned, reminding us that we are gradually approaching that period when we must give an account of the deeds done

in the body, when it will be inquired of us if we have properly employed those talents which were committed to our charge. Alas ! my conscience tells me that I have not done so,—nay, more, that I am daily guilty of the darkest ingratitude to my heavenly Father, who has graciously and unexpectedly lengthened out my days. . . . I am happy to say that my health is very much improved, and although I doubt not that if I had much anxiety I should again suffer, yet when I am without it, I am tolerably free from pain. My prospects of success at Hastings are often such as to require more faith than I possess, but when I reflect on the length of time which it generally takes for a physician to get into practice, I feel that it would be unreasonable in me to expect to do much at present. I consider myself fortunate in having been appointed physician to the dispensary, as doubtless this will ultimately make me known.”

He received the appointment mentioned of physician to the Hastings Dispensary, which had become vacant by the resignation of Dr. Cooke, in the preceding month of November.

The article on “Moral Aspects of Medical Life,” in the *British Quarterly Review*, contains some judicious remarks on the best means of obtaining introductions to practice.

“We have seen,” he says, “that an effort of

some kind is requisite, we say not to ensure success, but to give any reasonable probability of its acquisition. We have briefly noticed also some of those unworthy artifices which are to be reprobated and eschewed. By what more worthy endeavours may the commencing practitioner seek for distinction and emolument?" After quoting a letter of Dr. Denman's, to Dr. Parry, in which these words occur:—"On the whole, I do not know what any man can do to get patients, but to qualify himself for business, and then to introduce himself to the notice of those who are likely to employ him. You have judged very wisely in getting appointed to the charity. It must do some good though hardly ever so much as is expected from it:"—the reviewer goes on to say,—“The last sentence refers to one means of gaining experience, and, at the same time, of introduction to public notice, usually much coveted by the young practitioner. We should suppose Dr. Denman's estimate of its value to be very correct. As opportunities for experience and observation, appointments to medical charities are highly valuable; as an introduction to practice, a connexion with any of the larger metropolitan hospitals is no doubt very important; but with the provincial physician, such appointments are of less efficiency for this latter purpose, in themselves they are quite insufficient for its attainment, though they may

prove very beneficial *adjuvantia*, combined with other favourable circumstances. . . . Gratuitous advice to the poor, if successful in its results ; authorship, where materials are possessed for a book of real value ; and (in London more particularly) the delivery of lectures on any professional subject of a practical nature, which has been an object of particular study or original remark ; all these are perfectly legitimate means of attracting attention, and gaining the confidence of the great public. But whatever services are undertaken partly for this end, it must be with no half attention that they are performed, with no flippant or inconsiderate spirit. Let nothing be undertaken merely as a genteel advertisement ; if they have any worth at all, they deserve the full concentration of all the powers of the mind to their best accomplishment.” *

It may somewhat startle the conscientious man, to hear attendance on the poor, and on medical charities, spoken of as means of gaining experience and reputation. It is obviously for the good of the community, however, that they should be so valued, inasmuch as there is thus insured a constant supply of willing labourers. As regards the effect on the labourers themselves, the harm seems to be that these works are sometimes undertaken *solely* with a view to private advantage, and carried on only so far as that is subserved.

* British Quarterly Review, Feb. 1st, 1847, pp. 200, 201.

“Call not,” says Jeremy Taylor, “every temporal end a defiling of thy intention, but only,
1. When it contradicts any of the ends of God,
2. When it is principally intended in an action of religion.”

There is the same difficulty in every case in which our own welfare coincides with the public good. A person feels it necessary to gain an honest living—this is certainly in accordance with the ends of God. His talents are adapted to literary employment. He determines to write a book. This book is on an important subject, useful in a high degree to mankind. It may be said that he ought to have written thus from the sole motive of benefiting the world. And so he ought, and so he would probably—supposing it in his power, if the other motive of personal need had not given him the first suggestion. And it is likewise probable, that when he has begun the work, if he be a right-minded man, he will lose sight of his own private interest, in the sense of the great objects which the subject involves, and that by-and-bye, even if he should find out that he is likely to lose rather than gain by his labour, he will still persevere in it, the higher though later motive, working out the lower and earlier.

So no doubt it often is with the benevolent and humane physician, in the course of his hospital practice. He loses sight of the motive

which first compelled him to seek it, in zeal for the relief of suffering humanity. So it certainly was with Dr. Mackness. However he might have engaged in Dispensary practice, with the view of becoming known in the place in which he was compelled to reside ; it became to him a labour of love, to which he devoted himself with all the ardour of his character, and which he executed with a kindness of manner peculiarly his own.

He wrote again to his relative, Mr. W——, on the 7th of January, 1842, in these terms :—

“ I dare say you feel anxious to know how I get on in my profession, and I wish I could give you a favourable account, but I find many, very many difficulties. I sometimes think I took a wrong course in aiming to practise as a physician, but what could I do ? I knew I could not practise as a surgeon, the delicate state of my health opposed this course. I have plenty of practice amongst the poor, who are patients of the Dispensary, but this popularity will not keep house. I go on, anxious, despairing, hoping. . . . If I could only bring my mind to be satisfied with the present, and leave the future to a superintending Providence, I might be content, for I am surrounded with all that is necessary, and I owe no man anything, (but love,) nay, even for some time to come, I have

the means of living, even should I do nothing. But those who have been obliged to overcome great difficulties in early life, are perhaps more apt to feel anxious than others.

“We have a very popular clergyman at the church we attend, a man of extraordinary talents for extempore preaching, his language is beyond any thing I ever heard for fluency and beauty. He is a great blessing in this place, where so many of the sick and dying resort.”

It was during this period of his residence at Hastings, that Dr. Mackness became acquainted with a family from Scotland, who were staying in the town for the health of one of its members. Two of the sons were at the time studying medicine, Dr. Mackness became much interested in them, and offered them all the aid he could render in study, and the facilities he could give of seeing practice. One of the brothers, Dr. Ogilvie, now of Aberdeen, thus mentions his kind offices.

“I need not assure you that my mother’s family and myself, feel the loss deeply, when I mention, that during the eighteen months of our residence at Hastings, he was unremitting in his attentions to us, and to my poor brother who died there; that coming as my brother and I did to Hastings, without any introduction to him, or any claim on his regards, he volunteered his assistance in superintending our medical studies, which he

did so efficiently, that I have ever since looked back to the time I spent there, as the most valuable part of my professional education ; and that he has ever since continued to correspond with me, and to take the liveliest interest in my welfare."

One of the subjects of communication between Dr. Mackness and Dr. Ogilvie, used to be marine botany. Many choice specimens of Algæ and Zoophytes, were from time to time sent from Aberdeen. During Dr. Mackness's early residence at Hastings, whilst comparatively free from professional engagements, he applied himself much to the study of these marine productions, in which he ever afterwards took a great interest. He thus speaks of them in a few remarks on the study of natural history, which he contributed at a subsequent period to the work called "Ocean Flowers, &c."

"Well do I recollect the feelings of pleasure which pervaded my mind, when I first began to examine these productions. I was then an invalid, and had had my fairest prospects in life blasted by disease ; hope, as far as this life was concerned, scarcely lent me her solace, and I took up the subject merely to wile away the languor and *ennui* with which I was oppressed. I meant not to go far into the study, but merely to get acquainted with their characters and names. As I proceeded, great was my delight when I became acquainted with the distinctive

character of the Zoophytes. And when I examined both them and the Algæ more minutely, and discovered the wonderful structure and economy of each kind, I can scarcely describe the thrill of wonder and admiration which I experienced. And whilst my mind was drawn from vain regrets, and raised in adoration of the God of mercy, my frame was invigorated by the healthful sea-breezes."

The East Hill House, where he first lived, proving an inconvenient situation for medical practice, Dr. Mackness had removed in August 1841, to Wellington Square, to the house in which the remainder of his life was passed.

In June, 1842, he published his first work, "Hastings considered as a Resort for Invalids." There had been up to this time no separate treatise on the medical advantages of Hastings, it had simply occupied sections in Dr. Harwood's general survey of the Curative Influence of the South Coast, and more recently in the well-known and popular work of Sir James Clark, on Climate.

It was just after the appearance of this work—the preparation of which had occupied his time and thought for nearly two years, that I became acquainted with Dr. Mackness. I had suffered much from the climate of the east coast of England, and had come to Hastings for a little relief. I had left beloved relatives, a

cheerful family, and interesting employments, and I felt as I wandered up and down the parade, or on the beach at Hastings, much as no doubt many a stranger does, who leaves a busy home to vegetate in solitary lodgings. Perhaps it was the remembrance of those weeks which enabled me ever after to appreciate the solitude of Dr. Mackness, to provide society for those invalids who were thus placed in circumstances of temporary isolation.

After a short time thus spent, I met one day a young medical man from my native town, who was then staying with Dr. Mackness, and through his means I became known to the family, and was a frequent guest at the house. On one of these occasions,—the evening of the 20th of August,—several other friends were present. A gentleman of the company was talking of the medical profession, its discomforts and vexations, and congratulating himself that he did not belong to a calling requiring such sacrifices of personal ease. Dr. Mackness immediately kindled, took up the subject, and spoke of the enjoyments of the profession, of the delight of being looked for, expected by your patient as one that is to bring relief from suffering, of the happiness of giving that relief, or at least of soothing and encouraging the sufferer,—with a warmth and enthusiasm which soon filled his own eyes with tears. “And it came to pass that when David had made

an end of speaking, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." In the feelings of one person present, this beautiful incident in Scripture history, received that night an illustration.

On the 29th of September, I went to spend a short time with Dr. and Mrs. Mackness, previous to leaving the place. I remained till the beginning of November, and when I left it was with the understanding that I should return at a future time for more permanent residence. I came back in the spring of the next year, and from that time their house became my home.

On the 7th of January, 1843, Dr. Mackness wrote, as seems to have been his custom, a sort of annual review to the relative who took so much interest in his progress. He says,

"During the past year, I have had many things to try my patience, to excite my hopes, and to increase my gratitude. I think I told you in my last, that it is a very difficult thing to get on as a physician, there are so many things to prevent that early success which usually may be commanded by a general practitioner. . . . With regard to my health, I am happy to say, it continues improving. I am certainly much better than I have been at any time during the last eight years. I rarely suffer from my old pains, unless I study too hard, have too much

bodily exertion, or get wet, and then only sufficient to remind me that if I were to be occupied in the same manner, and to have the same labours as formerly, I should be as ill as ever. Thus, independent of my own will, Providence appears to have marked out a course for me, and all I can do, is to follow steadily the path laid down. I should be satisfied if I could only feel secure of getting a livelihood, but I must confess I often feel very dispirited; it is only when I can throw my cares on the bountiful Provider of all good, that I feel entirely reconciled to my lot. What a blessed thing it is, that amidst all the troubles of life there is one who is ever ready to help those who put their trust in Him, and what a glorious thought it is that a time will come, when, if we are truly his children, there will be no more cause for anxiety and pain! And when we think how uncertain is life, is it not wonderful that we can be so infatuated as to set so much of our affections upon the things of time? Alas! how it shows our grovelling dispositions, and how it warns us that we are placed in this state of probation, not for selfish purposes, but to dispense around us the blessings we possess. This thought often reconciles me to my present situation. I feel that I am useful to others, that daily my care and attention is a solace to numbers of the poor, and if I cannot give them money, I can at least give, and do give them my advice,

and my time, when they are suffering from illness . . . If the Saviour left the realms of light, and suffered the abasement of the cross for you and me, how important that we should strive in his service. You have the means of dispensing much good around you, of advancing his kingdom, of alleviating the sufferings of his people, of making the widow's heart rejoice. Lose not, therefore, an opportunity of doing so, that the language of Job may be applied to you, "When the eye saw me, it blessed me, &c. &c."

In the January of 1843, Dr. Mackness passed an examination at the London College of Physicians, and became an extra licentiate of that body. He refers to this in a letter to his brother :—

"I left home on Thursday afternoon. I had a great deal of business to attend to in town, independent of my passing my examination at the College of Physicians. It was not until I heard from Hastings on Saturday, at one P.M., that I thought it practicable to get to Northampton. I arrived at ten o'clock on Saturday night, and left at two on Sunday, so that I had very little time even with my mother, who is the only person whom, in my present circumstances, I should think of taking a journey to see. . . . The longer I live, the more convinced I am, that in every pursuit or business of life, an undivided

attention to its duties is the only way to ensure success. . . . I have my own difficulties to contend with, and certainly they have not been few nor small, although of a different kind to yours, compelled to keep up a certain rank in society, often with hardly the means of doing so, added to which my life has been a scene of continual labour, to make up for the deficiencies of early education. I mention these things to show that mine has not been a bed of roses, and although I now make quite sufficient to meet my expenses, I know not how long this will last, as practice at Hastings is very uncertain."

The labour of visiting the dispensary patients at their own houses, had at this time become greater than, combined with private practice, his strength was well equal to, and Dr. Mackness tendered his resignation, in case it should be found necessary to enforce this part of the physician's duty. At a general meeting of the governors, on the 8th of February, 1843, it was 'resolved that, inasmuch as the funds of the Dispensary are insufficient to pay for the services of any competent person to visit the physician's patients who require attendance at their own houses, and as Dr. Mackness's resignation is made to depend on that fact, this meeting regrets that it is compelled to accept his resignation; but taking into consideration the great services he

has rendered to the Dispensary, they anxiously hope that he will take upon himself the office of consulting physician."

The effect of this change was, that the patients, instead of attending at the Dispensary for his advice, came to him at his own house, which was a material saving of labour, and often of suffering to him, susceptible as he was of exposure to weather, or to draughts.

During my absence from Hastings in the winter, I had made some progress in the study of the German language. This I had done in a great measure with the view of assisting Dr. Mackness, who was very anxious to acquire a knowledge of German. When I came back, he began to study it regularly with me, and I had then an opportunity of observing his great industry, as well as his quickness of apprehension. Many persons who in after life set themselves to remedy the deficiencies of early education, or to acquire some new branch of knowledge, fail because they have not the patience to begin at the beginning. They are for some royal road. This was not at all the case with Dr. Mackness. He *would* learn a thing thoroughly, and he toiled with unwearied patience at grammars and exercises, never leaving a rule till he had completely mastered it. In fact, I often learned from him some important point which I had skimmed over too lightly in my own study.

Unhappily his strength did not always second his good will, for even at this time, two or three days of unusual application would generally cost him an attack of neuralgia.

I had a somewhat severe illness myself during this summer, and was able to testify from personal experience, that Dr. Mackness did not merely talk eloquently about the pleasures of soothing the sufferings of a sick bed. The very sight of his cheerful yet sympathising countenance, when he entered the room at early dawn, did almost as much to dispel the fevered fancies of the night, and to give rest and calmness, as the medicine he administered. Let no medical man despise the power of a kind manner. It is not meant that a soft voice and smooth words, have any value when dissevered from the tenderness of heart which ought to dictate them. It is not meant that even real kindness can be accepted as a substitute for professional skill. But it is its powerful auxiliary, and where it exists, it ought to express itself. A cold and frigid manner, does sometimes conceal a warm and feeling heart; but it *does conceal* it, and in that proportion does obstruct its general influence on the sensitive and anxious invalid. It has somewhat strangely, indeed, come to be imagined, that a rough, abrupt, and coarse manner, is the common accompaniment of strong sense. It is quite as likely to be the offspring

of self-conceit, and self-importance, neither of which is particularly indicative of a well-balanced mental constitution. Most certainly where it does exist by nature, it is a thing to be corrected, not encouraged. Least of all is it to be imitated as a peculiarity of genius.

The first of January, 1844, came in with heavy gales. To this, allusion is made in the following lines, addressed to a friend as a New Year's greeting by Dr. Mackness.

“Wild winds are whistling o'er the billowy sea,
And the storm spirit haunts the troubled deep,
The parting pangs of an old year set free
To join its kin who in past ages sleep.
Yet may the coming year though ushered in
By storm and tempest, mercies bring to you.
And may each passing day fresh blessings win,
And peaceful hopes and pleasures ever new.
But may these hopes and pleasures always tend
To lead your heart to God, your sole eternal friend.”

To his mother on that same 1st of January, he wrote as follows:—

“Oh! thou blest being, on whose honoured breast
A weak and tender infant child I lay,
Whom fondly to thy bosom thou hast pressed,
And softly strove my feeble moan to stay.

“Didst ere thy mind in future visions strain,
And picture me tossed on life's ocean wild,
Whilst thou a lonely widow didst remain,
Dwelling alone far absent from thy child.

“ And in those pleasing hours of fond delight,
When thy young mother’s heart centered in me,
Did darkened shadows e’er thy pleasure blight,
And didst thou think thy child unkind could be ?

“ Yet, mother, I remember, but too well,
How oft I grieved thy angel spirit meek,
And thoughtless, wilful acts in memory dwell,
For which I would thy full forgiveness seek.

“ Yet has affection with a constant flame
Burned brightly in the bosom of thy son,
By calm affection nursed ’twill burn the same,
As through life’s varied course I onward run.

“ And every opening year rivets the chain
That binds my heart in closer love to thee ;
Advancing years and powers which silent wane,
Excite towards thee my soul’s deep sympathy.

“ And on this New Year’s morn, I raise my song,
Whilst my fond love to thee its homage rears ;
And praise my God, who dost thy life prolong,
And will, I trust, prolong for many years.”

JAN. 1st, 1844.

Mr. Dickens’s “ Christmas Carol ” was just new at this time, and, connected with it, I had a proof, and one indeed amongst many, how remarkably suffering, like Dr. Mackness’s, is susceptible of mitigation by agreeable occupation of the mind. He was labouring under one of his usual neuralgia attacks, writhing with pain,

yet scarcely able to move. Mr. Dickens's work had been sent to him as a present for the season. He took it up and began to read it, at first listlessly, but soon the history of the inimitable Scrooge so interested him, that he began to read aloud, and by the time he had reached the pathetic incident of the poor boy left at school in the holidays, all sense of pain seemed to have fled, and he read on and on with increasing delight, till, when summoned to some other occupation, he found himself very nearly free from suffering. Chess would almost invariably have the same effect, although the pain would often return whilst the pieces were arranging for a fresh game.

One other specimen of his anniversary poetry, must be here given.

“TO MY WIFE ON THE 14TH ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY.

“Follow the course of some majestic stream,
As to vast ocean's depths it onward flows,
Rich fertile vales and laughing plenty seem,
To mark its path and richer scenes disclose.

“But whilst thus peacefully it onward glides,
Still there are bends and eddies in its course;
And gloomy caves and rocks where danger bides,
And many a rapid from its earliest source.

“ Thus life like a fair stream in beauty flows,
Calm and serene its surface still appears,
But he who deeper looks, too surely knows,
Its course is run in sorrow and in tears.

“ What though there may be health and friendships
kind,
With all the blessings wealth has power to yield,
Still there are inward sorrows of the mind,
And deeper woes no earthly care can shield.

“ And every epoch, every changing scene
Which marks the progress of this varying life,
Should teach us to reflect what we have been,
Where we have peace increased, or needless strife.

“ Thus on the banks of life's eventful stream
I take my stand, review each mercy past,
To you, loved wife, I dedicate this theme,
As first and greatest of these mercies past.

“ And each revolving year assures me more
Of thine unwearied love, untiring zeal,
Thy purer soul, thy holier thoughts that soar,
To visions bright which heav'n-born spirits feel.

“ This day above all others then I hail,
In the swift stream of life it makes a bend,
Where hope and joy in richest hues prevail.
And health, life's greatest boon, its blessings lend.

“ And mayst thou, dearest, should it still return,
In calm reflection raise thy thoughts on high.
Thy God adore, and from his mercy learn,
To sound his praise in gratitude and joy.”

Jan. 5th, 1844.

It must be remembered that these little domestic pieces were generally composed in haste, often late at night, and with very little time for revision. They are given with all their imperfections, as illustrative of personal history, not as evidences of poetical talent.

His New Year's greeting to his now aged relative was this year as follows :—

“Hastings, Jan. 12th, 1844.

“My dear Sir,

“Another year has now run its destined course, advancing us another step on the ladder of life, teaching us that all is changeable and changing, warning us that we are all hastening to that bourne which we have seen some dear to us reach, and impressing upon our minds that all is mutable, except the immutable Creator, who in infinite mercy points out to us in every changing season, in every dying friend, in the imperfection of all human good, that earth is not our resting-place, and that all, save the love of God, and of the creatures he has made, will perish and be forgotten. On the 5th of this month Maria and I attained the 14th anniversary of our wedding-day, and yet when I look back upon those years that are past, they appear but as yesterday. I can hardly conceive that so large a portion of my life has passed since then, that I have encountered so many struggles and dis-

appointments, experienced so many joys and sorrows, so much suffering, and yet so much mercy, and yet these years have passed, never to return. Would they had been improved as they ought to have been ; would that the sufferings, both of mind and body, which we have had to undergo, had so purified our hearts, and changed our tempers, as to make us more amiable, benevolent, and holy. This I hope they have in some measure done, but not to the extent I could wish, yet truly I can say, it was good for me that I was afflicted. I trust that calm reflection, during years of past trial and suffering, has shown me the worth of what the world calls great. The past year has passed over my head with much less of its usual suffering than I have had for many years past, and a measure also of temporal prosperity has been granted to me which I have not had for seven years ; my income has been equal to my expenditure, but not beyond. . . . If I were now practising as a surgeon, the future would be certain, for my income would regularly increase, but a physician has no such certainty, his income (in this place) is not derived so much from family as from casual practice ; one may be very much engaged to-day, but have nothing to do the next week. It is commonly said that no man should attempt to practice as a physician, unless he has an income sufficient to live without his profession,

and certainly had I known all the difficulties, I should not have dared to encounter them, but thus far I have been supported, and I therefore take courage and go forward.

“And now having given you as you desire, and as the kind interest you take in us demands, an account of our progress, allow me to ask how you and Mrs. W—— have passed this year. . . . How beautiful is the precept, “Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.” How calculated to make us enjoy life ourselves, and diffuse joy, like the genial showers of spring, over barren and parched hearts, and cause what was before unfruitful, to blossom like a rose. How cheering to the feelings are the grateful thanks of a full heart for blessings received, and how cheaply purchased are such thanks by a little personal sacrifice. I have not wealth, yet by my professional services, I have been able to make many a sad heart rejoice, and comfort many a mourner, and thousands of times have I blessed a profession which has conferred such a power upon me, and which, amidst all my personal cares and anxieties, assures me that I have not lived in vain. You have wealth and influence, you have all that enables you to give joy and consolation to many a sorrowing heart, you are advancing in life, and must soon leave all that you have, and appear in the presence of your Redeemer. Shall he say to you, Welcome, good

and faithful servant, I was hungry, and you gave me meat, thirsty, and you gave me drink, &c. Yes, my dear sir, *Live while you live*, comfort the widow and the orphan, and diffuse the blessings with which God has prospered you, and then when life's fitful day is over, tears and blessings will attend your departing spirit, while it rises pure and holy, clothed in the righteousness of your Redeemer. And now farewell, my dear sir, and with our best wishes for your present and eternal happiness,

"I am, &c. &c."

The month of February, 1844, was painfully marked to me, by the death of a beloved nephew, who had been under Dr. Mackness's medical superintendence for some time. The case was attended with many peculiarly harassing circumstances, and its rapid and fatal termination distressed him much. All that kindness and unwearied attention could do, was done to soften the blow to those most immediately concerned.

About this time Dr. Mackness was very much engaged in connexion with the Rev. Thomas Vores, and other gentlemen, in the formation of a Society for Mutual Assurance, for the working classes of St. Mary's parish. In societies of this nature, he took a very great interest. The part which he took at Northampton in behalf of a similar society, was thus noticed in one of the

local papers* after his death. "He was the founder of the Northampton Equitable Friendly Institution, in the year 1834. For a considerable period previous to its formation, he zealously exerted himself to obtain a few individuals, to unite with him in forming a benefit society, based upon solid and equitable principles, and which should enable the tradesman, the mechanic, and the labourer, between the ages of eighteen and fifty, to unite in one common bond, to assist each other in times of affliction. To further this object, he introduced various classes of payments in sickness, from six to twenty shillings per week. The scale of payments were those recommended by government, which were calculated to raise and establish the objects contemplated. During the first year of the existence of the society, he attended every meeting of the members, and gave his professional attendance, and medicine gratuitously; and to show that his philanthropic labours have been duly appreciated, nearly four hundred members have joined the institution since its formation."

The rules and tables of this society, served as a basis to the Hastings society at its commencement, though they were afterwards considerably modified. Dr. Mackness accepted the office of Honorary Physician, and ever paid much attention to the interests of the members.

* Northampton Mercury.

It was in the summer of this year, that he was summoned one Sunday evening, to see a young physician who was here from Birmingham. He found his patient in a hopeless state, and in fact he did not survive more than forty-eight hours, having been in the last stage of a rapid consumption, when he arrived at Hastings. But the case deeply interested him. Two young sisters had travelled with all possible speed from the North of Ireland, to tend the sick-bed of their brother, with very little idea of the nearness of his departure. What Dr. Mackness saw of them, and what he heard of the departed, who in gifts and literary tastes seemed to have been cast in the same mould as himself, inspired him with a warm sympathy, fully reciprocated on the part of the strangers, which resulted in a lasting friendship. *

* "What stricken one
Sent hither to protract a living death,
Forlorn, perhaps, and friendless else, but found
A friend in him? What mourners, who had seen,
The object of their agonizing hopes,
In that sad cypress ground deposited,
Wherein so many a flower of British growth
Untimely faded, and cut down is laid. . . .
In foreign earth compress'd . . . but bore away,
A life-long sense of his compassionate care,
His christian goodness?"

*Southey's Dedication to the Rev. Herbert Hill,
prefixed to his Colloquies.*

Dr. Douglas Mackay was buried in St. Mary's cemetery, Hastings. The sisters took with them to Ireland a sketch of the spot, with which Dr. Mackness sent the following lines :—

“Thou last memorial of a sister's love,
Why should thy mournful subject please the eye,
Why should that simple tomb which stands above
The sacred spot in which his ashes lie—
The witness sad that he is yours no more,
Why should it yet give comfort to the mind,
It cannot him recall, whom you deplore,
Nor paint those features to the grave consigned ?

“It is not, minstrel, that we would retain
Mournful impressions of our brother's fate,
But many cherished acts of love remain,
That on our happier thoughts attend and wait.
We must remember how in early youth
He cheered us on, our wayward footsteps led,
To seek for Hope and Peace in sacred truth,
And our souls' ardent aspirations fed.

We must remember, too, his love of home,
His anxious cares for us when far apart,
We know too well no earthly love could give,
The perfect bliss his spirit now enjoys :

And though his worth will in our memory live,
We would not him recall to quench our sighs,

But in our home far distant sits our Sire,
Whose aged footsteps ne'er this path will tread ;

His sorrowing heart will crave with fond desire,
The quiet resting-place of this our brother dead.”

Hastings, June 26th, 1844.

In the month of August, Dr. Mackness attended for the first time, the anniversary of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, of which he had shortly before become a member. The meetings were held at Northampton, which was an additional pleasure to him, as giving him opportunities of seeing his old friends. These anniversaries were indeed ever afterwards sources of great enjoyment to him, indeed they were almost his only holidays. To meet and converse with distinguished men of his profession, was to him a high gratification, and to those meetings he traced some of his most valued friendships.

On the 1st of January, 1845, I, being then absent from Hastings, received from him the following note :—

“My dear M——,

“Although I have no time for poetry, I cannot allow the morning to pass by without offering you my earnest congratulations, and wishes for your happiness and prosperity. “A happy New Year, and many returns of the same,” is the usual compliment. I would only add, may this happiness be somewhat increased, by knowing that you have a friend who can sympathize with you in all your pleasures and anxieties. And I would still add, may this sympathy, purified and made holy, continue when New Year’s days no longer exist, but when love, perfect and holy,

shall reign supreme. How consolatory the thought to the mind, wearied with care and anxiety, that all the turmoil of life is but the mere journeying to a brighter and happier existence! Oh! that one's mind could fully realize the view, and then how trifling, how indifferent would the petty troubles of life appear! Farewell, my dear friend, and may a covenant God bless and hallow our friendship to the good of each, so that every returning New Year's day, may bring the consoling reflection, that we have not known each other in vain."

The following letter of condolence, to a lady, whose son had been under his care, was written about this time:—

"Hastings, Feb. 10th, 1845.

"My dear Madam,

"I trust that amidst the sympathy of your friends, you have found some consolation in your sorrow. I know you have felt your loss deeply, nor would I wish you not to feel, for a mother's love is one of the most holy and enduring blessings vouchsafed to man in his earthly pilgrimage; but while you grieve, you must remember that God in his infinite mercy, has not left you to sorrow as one without hope; you have the happiness of knowing that your son committed his immortal spirit into the hands of his Creator,

trusting only in the atoning blood of a crucified Redeemer. If it were possible to restrain your natural affections, the event should not be a cause of sorrow, but of hope and joy. Joy, that you have a beloved son redeemed, and safely landed in the Saviour's kingdom, and hope, that you also may follow in his footsteps, and pass an eternity of happiness in his society, with all the affections and desires purified and made holy. With such views, my dear Madam, you may think upon your son and say, He is not lost but gone before, &c.

“Believe me to remain,
“&c. &c. &c.”

This year (1845) saw the rise of several literary undertakings, and justified a playful remark I once made to Dr. Mackness, that our alliance, like that of the two great German poets, was “*für Kunst und Wissenschaft*.” Early in my acquaintance with him, he was talking over subjects for writing—he had just published his little work on the climate of Hastings—and felt, as I suppose most people do in similar circumstances, at loss for something to fix their thoughts upon. I suggested a subject which rather pleased him,—“*The Morals of Medical Life*.” He often recurred to this subject, and said that he had not laid it aside, and that from time to time he was making notes on it. When I came back in the

spring of 1845, I found him diligently studying the "Akesios" of Professor Marx, which had first been introduced to his notice by a notice in the British and Foreign Medical Review. When I took up the book, I was alarmed at the difficulty of its style, so full of brief allusions, play upon words, &c. I tried to dissuade him from his professed intention of translating it, as a contribution to the study of Medical Ethics; but difficulties were very little accounted of by him in a matter on which he had set his mind, and at length, with much labour and study—his knowledge of German having been but of recent date—the translation was effected. But during its progress the plan expanded, and the idea of adding notes and biographical sketches was resolved, (I believe this suggestion was made in a letter from Dr. Risdon Bennett,) till at length the proposed work assumed a shape not very unlike what had been his original scheme as drawn out in 1842.

I had also a little work of my own in hand in which I received great assistance from Dr. Mackness. This was a Guide Book for Hastings, which I had undertaken at the suggestion of a friend who wished for something of a superior description to the meagre "guides" then extant. The book was ultimately published in the autumn of this year, under the title of a Hand-book for Hastings and St. Leonards. Not only did Dr.

Mackness obtain for me much information that I could not otherwise have acquired, but some of the best descriptive passages were from his pen. With a view to this work, I had begun to study a little the different styles of church architecture, and to use the pencil in fixing illustrations in my mind. But Dr. Mackness soon took the business out of my unskilful hand, the pursuit had a great fascination for him, and he filled more than one book with drawings explanatory of the successive periods of architecture.

It was some time in the spring or summer of this year that he lost an attached friend, Mrs. Nattes, an elderly widow lady, who had been an early patient of his at Hastings, and who continued under his care for a considerable time. After she left the neighbourhood he kept up a regular correspondence with her, striving by playful and amusing letters to relieve the tedium of frequent sickness, and by delicate and seasonable suggestions to raise her mind to divine and eternal things. His letters were all returned to him by her orders at her decease, with a small bequest. One only of these letters was preserved by him, it seems to have been the last, and it is as follows :

“ Hastings, April 27th, 1845.

“ My dear Mrs. Nattes,

“ I am truly delighted that you are better, and

I sincerely hope that the lovely weather of this past week has enabled you to go out frequently for an airing. Fresh air is almost as necessary to your existence as food, and I hope you intend to go to Brighton or some other place where you can have a bracing air for some time this summer. You, who love nature in all her beautiful forms, why dwell during the delightful months of summer in the neighbourhood of smoky London? I know you can delight to look on the wide expanse of ocean, and can fully appreciate the feelings of Montgomery :

‘ All hail to the ruins, the rocks, and the shores !

Thou wide rolling ocean, all hail !

Now brilliant with sunbeams and dimpled with oars,

Now dark with the fresh blowing gale.

While soft o’er thy bosom the cloud shadows sail,

And the silver-wing’d sea-fowl on high,

Like meteors bespangle the sky,

Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride,

Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.’

“ I think you will be tired of my quoting scraps of poetry, for nothing is more commonplace ; but it is so difficult to think of a beautiful object in nature without at the same time having some exquisite description of a master minstrel rush into the mind. For instance, one cannot well think of the growth of a fine tree, but those exquisite lines of Bishop Heber, when describing

the building of Solomon's Temple without the noise of a tool, come into one's thoughts. He says,

‘ Like a tall pine the silent mansion rose, &c.’

“The mind reverts to that silent budding of a tree, the expansion of the leaves, the lengthening of the branches, the thickening of the stem, all unperceived, and yet so marvellously perfect. It is pleasant sometimes to sit down and chat upon paper with a friend about those thoughts which are ever rushing into the mind, and driving away by their pleasing diversity, all the anxieties of life—such are the beautiful images of nature, in all their wonderful perfection. Reason now and then steps in between these sweet imaginings, to inquire, why should all be so perfect, from the blade of grass eloquently tapering from its root to its summit, and intersected with an exquisite network of veins and cells all displaying the most wonderful skill and contrivance, and yet modestly hiding its marvellous symmetry, amidst myriads of others like itself. Raising our eyes from this lovely object, to the broad expanse of heaven, in whose azure sky the glorious orb of day is shining, giving life, light and joy to this lower creation, how inconceivably great are these wondrous, these majestic works of the great Creator of the Uni-

verse ! And yet man, even man who feels himself, though possessed of powers all but divine, yet grovelling and low in his sensual desires and daily pursuits, is still permitted to see the grandeur, beauty, and perfection of these works of the Creator. Oh ! my dear Mrs. Nattes, when I can thus detach my mind from the trifles of time, how contemptible do all the riches of this world appear ! The soul soars upwards to its Creator, and yearns for a more perfect existence, for a more exalted being, and then the bright hopes of the Gospel of Christ, the pure heaven of Holy Writ, appear so suited to all that the heart can desire, that their truthfulness, their reality, appear almost close at hand. The days of man are numbered, his fondest expectations are often destroyed. You and I for instance, may never meet again on earth, may never look with the beaming eye of friendship on each other's countenance : but, oh ! may we at least meet in that glorious dwelling-place of the eternal God, and live for ever in the presence of our crucified Redeemer.

“ Believe me to remain,

“ &c. &c. &c.”

It may here be remarked, that though averse to all obtrusive interference with the religious views of patients, Dr. Mackness never lost sight of the opportunities which insensibly

present themselves to a medical man of giving a right direction to the mind. This subject was specially considered and noticed in the "Moral Aspects of Medical Life," * and was continually present to him in his own practice. Two instances came under my notice. One was of a patient dying in consumption, on whose bed he one day saw lying, Shelley, and the works of some other writer of the same stamp. He said to him, "I think, Mr. —, these are not quite the companions one would wish to have on a sick bed. Do let me lend you some books." The invalid assented, and Dr. Mackness on his return desired me to look out several volumes which he selected. He afterwards tried to persuade the poor man to see a clergyman. This, I believe, was without success, but though deeply prejudiced against what he called priestcraft, he would listen patiently to what Dr. Mackness said, and often read, with much seriousness, Jowett's *Christian Visitor*, which was one of the books lent. The other instance was of a gentleman much higher in mental qualifications than the last mentioned individual, who expressed to Dr. Mackness serious doubts as to the truth of Revelation, which he said he would give all the world to believe. Dr. Mackness came home, and desired me to write down what I thought the strongest evidences for the authenticity of the

* Pages, 306—311.

Scriptures. I did so, and the paper was shown to the gentleman, Dr. Mackness telling him what was indeed the case, that he himself had once doubted and been convinced by these or similar arguments. The gentleman, on leaving for Madeira, sent his physician a book with an inscription expressive of warm appreciation of his efforts, both for his physical and mental benefit.

The following lines are dated in the summer of this year :—

“ A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S REALITY.”

“Wearied with pain, I left my heated couch,
Wide open threw the window, and looked forth.
The balmy air upon my anguished brow
Fell soothingly, and cooled my fevered blood.
Before me lay the sea, noiseless and calm,
Save in the measured motion of its tide :
The moon was near her full, and softly shed
Her silvery light across the watery world.
The sky above was clear, without a cloud,
Where rode the moon in beauty, and her light,
So like the glory of an earthly monarch,
Dimmed that of her attendant satellites.
The morn was fast approaching, and the birds,
Anticipating day, began to tune
Their joyous harmony ; and calling forth
The stealthy cat, discerned with silent tread,
Watching to pounce upon her feathery prey.
The sight of so much beauty, and the thought,
That He who formed a world in loveliness,
Doth not neglect the creatures He hath made,
But with a father’s love and father’s eye,

Apportions all their being, and permits
Sorrow and joy, as most for them is fit,—
That He afflicts not willingly, nor grieves
His erring children, saving for their good,—
This thought so solaced and so calmed my mind,
I lay me down and slept in peace till morn.”

“JUNE 15th, 1845.”

In August he attended the anniversary of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, at Sheffield. I was then in Lincolnshire, and had the following note from him.

“Wellingborough, August 3rd.

“My dear M——,

“Many thanks for your kind letter which gave me great pleasure, as it arrived about five minutes after I came here myself. The only thing I have to complain of is your tiresome worryings about my taking care of myself; it makes me quite angry to read them. But having now vented my wrath I must tell you of my journeyings. On Friday morning (this was after the meetings) I got up early, breakfasted with Dr. Robertson, went to York with him, called on Miss Brancker, looked over the Minster, and was awe-struck with its solemn grandeur. It is indeed a beautiful structure, surprisingly wonderful in conception as well as grand in execution. I had only about an hour's time, so that I was obliged to hurry over it. I then got into

a train for Rugby, and from thence to Wellingborough, ran up and saw my mother, and went to bed very tired. Yesterday, uncle James drove me to Turvey and Chillington. . . . I went and visited Turvey Church and the scenes described in the tract of the Two Patients. Then called, and saw, and lunched with Mr. Higgins of Turvey Abbey, and came back to Wellingborough. To-day I am spending with my mother and brother, who had arrived with two of his children, so you must not be surprised at the desultory character of my letter. I shall leave this on Tuesday, and arrive at Hastings on Wednesday evening."

In another letter he gives a few more particulars respecting his mother.

"You want to know how I found my mother,—poor old lady, she is not only more infirm than when I saw her last, but though her health is somewhat better, her mind has become enfeebled, and I fear that if she lives much longer she will lose her faculties. God grant that this may not be the case! Poor old woman! she was delighted to see me, almost her last words were, 'My child, if I die do not shed one tear for me, but say, she is gone home—gone to glory—gone to be with Jesus!'"

The next letter respects the work he was now engaged with—Akesios—and its illustrative matter.

“Hastings, August 17th.

“I shall follow your advice and only retain those maxims which have something sufficiently valuable to recommend them. I have long given up the idea of putting them all in. So much matter presents itself that I shall make the book as large as Cooper’s Surgical Dictionary if I do not mind. I have written to your sister about Körte’s life of Thaer, and Marx’s “Erinnerungen.” I am resolved to spare neither labour nor expense to make the book interesting. I purchased some books when in town, amongst others Aikin’s Medical Biography, which is referred to by Marx when speaking of Theodore Mayerne. Mr. Jones* has the Dictionnaire Universelle, which contains excellent biographies of Boerhaave, &c., so that what with his library, Dr. Moore’s, the Literary Institution, and Dr. Bennett’s kindness, we have a mine of research. I find it absolutely necessary to go over every sentence of the translation with Tumanovicz, and I sit as close as my health will allow. It is very provoking about the Guide, I fear it will not be out till November.”

* The late Rev. John Jones of All Souls’.

This last sentence refers to my "Hand-Book," which was now going through the press. Some little difference occurred between him and me respecting the notice which should be taken of the institutions and services at Hastings connected with the Romish Church, and he wrote me a rather warm letter on the subject. But with his usual candour and sweetness of temper, it was quickly followed by another of a different temperature.

"Sept. 24th, 1845.

"My dear M——,

"I am extremely sorry that I sent you such an angry note, but I was thoroughly vexed, and my impetuous spirit would vent itself. I hate bigotry and intolerance, I loathe them from my very soul—yet I am sorry that I wrote to you in such strong language."

Like Southey, indeed, he had an intense horror of bigotry, and might have said with him, "When I talk with dissenters, I feel myself a high churchman, when I hear high churchmen talk, I am inclined to take refuge among dissenters," He had seen, perhaps, some unfavourable specimens of what is called the religious world, and such experiences are apt to engender prejudices as unreasonable and as dangerous to truth,

as the prejudices from which they recoil. In one of his earlier letters, he alludes to the injury he had received in this way.

“I have been accustomed to see Christianity professed without practice, the meekness and humility of the gospel set forth, but not acted upon, until my mind has got into such a state of indifference, that whilst my judgment assents to its truths, my heart is far from embracing them.”

Arnold says, “It is of the greatest importance for us all to consider, whether our brethren, by which term I mean those of our neighbours with whom we have most intercourse, do really help us in goodness, or hinder us. . . . By the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus, by our single faith, and our single prayers, we might through God’s grace be saved. But the church was appointed, that our single faith might be helped by our brethren’s faith, our single prayers helped by our brethren’s prayers, that in them we might see reflected in a manner the image of Christ, and might be enkindled by it more to love it, and become ourselves changed into it. Assuredly, where many are living together, and do not help each other in goodness—much more where they actually, though not intentionally, hinder each other, there any one among them may retain and use for his own salvation, the

blessings of Christ's gospel, but he has not the benefits of Christ's church." *

It is, indeed, a melancholy fact, that Christians do to so great an extent contrive to hinder rather than help each other forward, in the great business of religion, and thus whilst disputing warmly about the organization of the Church, to prostrate or neutralize its very design. One of the commonest ways in which they do this, is, by combining very great strictness of opinion with very great laxity in practice, or sometimes great strictness in mere auxiliary matters, and great indulgence as to points of real and vital importance. Thus when the young and inquiring—young in religion, if not in years—find that some difference of opinion, as to the safeguards of religion—habits and usages perfectly distinct from the inward life of the soul, draws on them the suspicion of having neither part nor lot in the matter; whilst, on the other hand, habitual selfishness, meanness, pride, haughtiness of manner, and every shade and variety of unamiable temper, are considered as mere blemishes—spots on the surface of Christian character, they are necessarily staggered, perhaps disgusted, and led to conclude that *religion* is something very different to *goodness*,

* Arnold's Sermons on Christian Life. Its Hopes, its Fears, and its Close. Sermon VI, Christian Responsibility.

something having very little to do with human happiness and moral renovation. Or if too much in earnest for such rash conclusions, they withdraw into themselves, and lose the benefit of the Church, such as Arnold has described it. After a time indeed, if under Divine teaching, they learn to seize the essential lineaments of Christian character, and to bear with the deformities which mar them, to rejoice in the grand principles of the Gospel, and to be tolerant even of intolerance.

Few books more interested, or probably more benefited Dr. Mackness in this view, than the *Life of Arnold*; we read it aloud when first published, and it seemed indeed to introduce us into a freer and purer atmosphere. The same sentiments when attempted to be transfused into the tale of "*Brampton Rectory*," met with his cordial approbation. See also note A. at the end of this work.

It must not be supposed from the letter quoted, that Dr. Mackness had any leaning or affection towards the Romish Church as a system. On the contrary, he had a deep sense of its baleful influence on Christianity and the world. He had, however, a sincere regard for some of the members of that communion, and having, in his professional character, witnessed their piety in trying moments, he could

never bear to hear them indiscriminately condemned.

In my journey southwards from Lincolnshire, I staid one night at Northampton, and there I received a few lines which I transcribe, merely to show his attachment to his old place of residence :—

“Oct. 5th, 1845.

“My dear M——,

“I am determined to write to you at Northampton. I cannot but fancy you walking up and down those streets which I have so often traversed. I feel that I should like to be with you to point out a thousand objects of reminiscence. Go into the Mechanic’s Institute,* and look how large a society has grown up, which had its origin in me. I should like you to see Mr. W——’s garden, and the fountains I made, but that you cannot well do—but look at the Infirmary, and I think you would like to see the chapel where Doddridge preached. Oh ! how I

* The Mechanic’s Institute, established at first by the exertions of three gentlemen, of whom Dr. Mackness was one, and afterwards much assisted by gifts of books from Mr. Litchfield, was, when I saw it, in George Row. It is now still farther enlarged, is removed to the New Corn Exchange, and is one of the most flourishing societies of the kind in the kingdom.

should like you to see De W——, and twenty other persons and things if I were only with you.”

The next letter, which is to his brother, refers to a subject which at this time much occupied him. He had long felt the want of some sort of carriage. The slight lameness which had come on in his illness, and of which he had never got the better, rendered walking peculiarly inconvenient to him, and his country consulting practice often compelled him to take long journeys, in which it was necessary he should be well protected from cold and damp.

“Oct. 27th, 1845.

“My dear George,

“I am sorry to say that I have been poorly for some time from too great exertion in riding on horseback. I cannot bear bodily fatigue, which is a great trial, as it prevents my doing as I would or getting on as I could wish. I am in consequence obliged to go to expenses beyond what I can afford. I am now driving a carriage,* which I am sure my circumstances do not warrant, but my health makes it necessary. I think I am bound to tell you of this change, and the causes which have led to it.”

* This was a hired one *pro tempore*.

To me he wrote :—

“With regard to the carriage, Rock is to build me one fitted up in the first style, for — guineas, and will lend me one to use in the mean time. I have been trying all the week to buy a horse. I tremble at the expense, and yet, the more I think of it, the more convinced I am, that I am acting prudently.”

The event justified his conviction. The steady increase of practice prevented his feeling the increased expense a burden, whilst the comfort and ease, with which he went through his daily visits, had a most beneficial influence on his health and strength. Indeed, every one about him had long thought the measure indispensable, if he were either to retain or extend his practice.

My “Hand-Book” was now published, and I was engaged in an entirely different, and very arduous undertaking. This was to collect specimens of Algæ and Zoophytes, to illustrate a work which in conjunction with a friend, was afterwards published under the title of “Ocean Flowers and their Teachings.” In this work Dr. Mackness took a very great interest. Every spare moment was spent by him in assisting me to examine, arrange, and prepare the specimens, and besides this, he contributed to the work several pieces, both in verse and prose. His own work was proceeding, though rather slowly under the pressure of winter engagements.

Moreover, in the beginning of the year, it met with another interruption. Some time before, he had contributed to the *Sussex Express* some dialogues on Agricultural Chemistry, written in an elementary and popular style. This led to a proposal to write a more elaborate article on the same subject, in Baxter's "Library of Agriculture," and after some hesitation, he agreed to the proposal. Of this paper an excellent judge * says, "that it was a model of industry and ability, and reflected the greatest credit on his talents." The writing of this Essay compelled him for a time to lay aside the larger work. It occupied the early part of the spring of 1846, and was finished about May.

The following letter refers to one of those trials which every medical man has at times to experience, but which minds of much sensitiveness feel with peculiar keenness, the inconstancy and ingratitude of patients :—

" May, 1846.

" My dear Friend,

" I am rather sad to day, and I write a few lines to you to relieve my mind. The inclosed note will explain the cause. . . . One thing has always been a source of trouble to me through life, namely, that I have that unfortunate disposition, which leads me to sacrifice self-

* Dr. Robertson of Northampton.

unduly,* and I constantly see that the world takes advantage of it, and I fall in its esteem; and no wonder, for what are more beautiful than some of our wild flowers, and yet how little are they valued, because they are common, and so it is in human concerns, what can be had for nothing is little thought of. . . . I have another trouble just now, my brother's wife is dead, and has left him with three children. I heard a nice sermon this afternoon from Mr. Parkin, which did me good. I feel that my mind will recover its tone in a day or two. After a continual struggle against adverse circumstances, the desertion of one friend makes an unusual impression. I am glad you liked Dr. Smith so much. I am glad also you are going to read 'Akesios,' tell me whether you think it is really worth publishing."

In the month of June, he spent a week in Paris, in company with a friend, and much enjoyed the unusual holiday. The Provincial Med. and Surg. anniversary, was held this year at Norwich. He had great doubts whether he should be able to attend, as he had at the time a patient

* This relates chiefly to his disinterestedness about remuneration. In his remarks on the Life of Hallé—Moral Aspects, &c., p. 66, he has censured his conduct in this respect—conduct which, however, his own good nature sometimes led him to imitate.

in a very precarious state. He went however, and this was one of the anniversaries on which he always looked back with most satisfaction; at it he became acquainted with the late eminent Mr. Crosse of Norwich, and with Dr. Greenhill then of Oxford.

The patient, about whom he had been so anxious, lived but a short time after his return. This case was one of the many, in which either the patients themselves, or their surviving friends, continued ever after to feel for him a warm regard, and to keep up intercourse by correspondence or visits. The invalid's sister, who had been his faithful companion and nurse, thus writes respecting that time of affliction.

“I have always felt that, next to the support mercifully granted me by our heavenly Father, the dear doctor's tender unremitting attention, did very much in enabling me to bear the heavy load of care and anxiety, during those many dreary weeks. How vividly can I realize his well-known figure, coming, however late, however weary he might be, to pay his *friendly*, not professional evening visit, to see if he could suggest any little comfort for the night.” One of the peculiar excellences of Dr. Mackness, as a medical attendant, was the care which he always took to support the spirits of those who were about the sick. He was himself of an eminently cheerful and hopeful temper, and this,

as it had sustained him in long years of suffering, went far to sustain the hearts of others. Like Dr. Chambers, he might be said to be one of the first to discern disease, and one of the last to give it up; and when he was forced to do this, he had a tender soothing way of suggesting consolation, which helped to break the force of the blow. In the case of which I have been speaking—when the inevitable termination was near at hand, he sent me (Mrs. Mackness being at that time unable to go) to sit with and help the mourning sister. I had reason to rejoice on my own account that he did so, for it gave me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with those who have ever since been valued friends. Dr. Mackness often looked forward with pleasure to the hope of seeing them at Manchester, when the anniversary should be held in that city, an expectation which last year seemed so near being realized, (the meetings for 1852 being talked of as to take place there,) but which was so soon to be defeated. Mr. Hunter, the brother of the patient, thus writes of Dr. Mackness:—

“My opportunities of intercourse with our departed friend had been but few, yet the charm of his character had taken from the first a hold upon me, such as I really had not had experience of in the case of any one whom I had not almost grown up with. His lively intellect, kind heart, and delightful manners, formed alto-

gether a rare combination of what is attractive and attaching, and I can hardly imagine that any one could be more missed in the circles where he was often seen."

About this time he wrote a few lines to a friend, who took much interest in his mother's comfort, and often acted as his representative in little matters that concerned her. They are inserted merely as a proof of the unvarying character of his filial affection.

"You will please to act and do for my mother whatever you may think best. Pray let her have everything as comfortable as possible, whatever it may cost. Mine is an up-hill path, but I would rather labour continually, and deny myself any indulgence, than that my poor mother should want for anything. I am only sorry that my means are so limited, that I cannot do more for her. She has, indeed, been a good mother to me, and her prayers for my welfare have so continually ascended on high, that unless prayer be without efficacy, I must have been blessed by them a thousand times."

In the autumn of this year, his work was at length published, under the title of *The Moral Aspects of Medical Life*. He had worked hard at it in the summer amidst many interruptions. The delay that had taken place since the work was first planned, had not been to its advantage. The increase of practice had very much dimin-

ished his opportunities of quiet study, and the work was not in its execution quite equal to what it had been in its conception. He had, indeed, originally intended to illustrate it by bringing forward the views of other writers on Medical Ethics, and to some extent it would always have been a compilation, but with more of leisure, the proportion of original matter might have been greater. With all its imperfections, however, it was an important step in the right direction. He said himself, "Well, if no other good is done, I shall have yet gained much by having my mind directed to these topics."

The work was well received, and met with that favourable notice from the Reviews, which the interesting nature of the German basis, if nothing else, well deserved. Reviews of the book appeared in the Medico-Chirurgical, British and Foreign Medical, and British Quarterly Reviews, in the *Lancet*, *Athenæum*, and several other publications. The biographical notice of Stieglitz, was kindly furnished by Professor Marx himself, with whom Dr. Mackness from that time kept up a correspondence.

In the beginning of the year 1847, it was proposed to Dr. Mackness, to receive into his house a clergyman and his wife, the clergyman being in a state of health requiring daily medical superintendence, combined with cheerful society. Dr. Mackness had for some time rather declined

taking patients as inmates, the increase of practice rendering such a measure less necessary, but the account which was given of the excellence and agreeableness of the persons now proposed, determined him to accept them, a measure which he had no reason to regret. The time they spent with us, was truly a time both of enjoyment and improvement. It might almost be said, that in entertaining them, we had "entertained angels unawares." Dr. S—— had seen much of men and manners, more than falls to the lot of most clergymen, and he was not slow in discerning the beautiful transparency of character, the child-like simplicity, and the genuine benevolence, which in Dr. Mackness were combined with clearness and quickness of judgment. Both he and Mrs. S—— did all they could, and that was much, to make their presence in the house agreeable to him. Unlike many in such circumstances, who seem to think only of securing their share of the temporary compact, they were always observant of his comfort, and pleasant were the hours—never, alas! to recur—when Dr. S—— was well enough to exert his conversational powers, and Dr. Mackness at leisure to listen and enjoy.

It was about this time, that the governors of the Dispensary, finding that the permission to the patients to consult the Physician at his own house, had the effect of drawing to the charity,

persons more respectable in condition, than were contemplated as its objects, submitted to Dr. Mackness, after a meeting on 3rd of February, that he must either again see his patients at the Dispensary, or give them up altogether. As the former part of the alternative would have imposed upon him a task greater than he could have combined with his increased private practice, he was compelled, though reluctantly, to withdraw, and from this time forward he had no other connexion with the Dispensary, but that of being occasionally called in as a second opinion. He still continued, however, to give advice to such persons who resorted to him. Some of these had been his patients previously in the Dispensary, and rather than lose his advice, either contrived to pay for their own medicine, or in some cases had it paid for by charitable friends; others were persons a little better off, who had been perhaps long ill, or from other causes could just afford to pay for medicine, but not for attendance. Finding that the days and hours in which he had arranged to see patients in this manner, were very often mistaken, and that poor people whose time was of value, sometimes came with much effort from distant villages, and then went away disappointed, he, after a while, adopted the plan of heading every prescription with a printed label, stating the day and hour. He had a further

object in this, which was to stamp the bearer of the prescription as a *gratuitous* patient, and thereby prevent the application of persons who would be unsuitable objects of his benevolence. During the latter part of his life, he had reason to think that the resort of patients to him for gratuitous advice, was injurious to his consulting practice, and on that account he was advised by some of his medical friends to give it up, but he steadily declined, saying that he acted from right motives, and he could not do it. "Let us do right," he would say, "and not mind what is said of us." On the ground of health he was much urged by his family, to lay aside the practice—or at least to limit it to one day in the week, but he still refused. "When I cannot attend the poor," he said on one occasion, "I will not attend the rich. I am constantly receiving proofs of the good I have been enabled to do, and how can I give it up?" and at last when much urged, he said to me, "God has greatly blessed my efforts, and given me success beyond what I could ever have expected, and is this a time to lay aside what little good I can do?" When, however, about two months only before his death, he had a friendly letter from a neighbouring practitioner, detailing to him one case in which he had been grievously imposed upon by a person well able to pay for medical services, and pointing out to him that such cases were very injurious to the

general practitioner, he was much annoyed, and began to revolve several plans for checking such abuses for the future. The subject was beset with difficulties, and I do not know what course he might at last have taken. His reply to the kind and frank communication of this gentleman, which will be given at its right date, shows that he never meant to sacrifice the interests of one class to another. That his advice, however in some cases improperly obtained, was a very great blessing to numbers of poor, but respectable persons, is a fact to which there are abundant testimonies, and long and deeply will his loss be felt.

In the spring of this year, his mother died. She retained her senses to the last, and expired in perfect peace on the 30th of April, 1847. She was in her 70th year. The friend before mentioned, who had been much in the habit of visiting her, writes thus after her death :—

“Pray, my dear friend, never use the word *trouble* respecting me, and that dear departed one. She has taught me the best of lessons, and has been oftentimes a great comfort to me. I always left her in a better frame of mind than when I went to her, either humbled or encouraged.”

This same friend in another letter, expressing the greatest respect for his generous conduct towards his mother, observed that it proved

he was walking in her steps. This observation drew from Dr. Mackness the following reply :—

“I must correct one part of your letter, you say that my duty to my mother, proves that I am treading in her footsteps. I never wish any one to think better of me than I really am. That I am thoroughly conversant with the principles of Christianity, and convinced of the importance of having the heart filled with love to God is true, but I fear my heart is very far from being in that state. I know what is my duty, but it has been mere *human* duty and affection, which has influenced my conduct to my mother. Farewell, God bless you.”

In proportion as the essential principles of the Gospel developed themselves in his soul, in that proportion was he afraid of a *religion of imitation*, and jealous of using language in advance of feeling. He was, indeed, exceedingly averse to direct questions or disclosures on these subjects, and it was seldom, *very* seldom, that he would speak of himself.

Whilst the death of his mother was yet fresh in his mind, he had occasion to go into the country on the Sunday for a consultation. He took with him as a companion, Bunsen's “Gesang und Gebet Buch,” which was a great favourite with him, and employed himself in making the following version of a well-known and admired hymn :—

“ Es is vollbracht !
Gottlob es is vollbracht ! ”

“ Prais’d be the God of love—the work is done,
And Christ receives my soul—vain world begone,
Thy friendships now I break,
The course I ran forsake ;
At Jesus’ cross with joy I lay me,
Convinced that he will not betray me.
The work is done !

Jesus my sins has borne—the work is done,
And pardon from their guilt through Him I’ve won ;
On the accursed tree
His blood was shed for me,
The nails which to the cross Him bound,
My pardon, grace, and peace have found :
The work is done !

Sorrow and pain away !—the work is done ;
Anxiety and care my soul now shun,
The anguish which He bore,
Makes all my hopes secure,
And all those joys my soul is feeling,
My soul from earthly things are stealing :
The work is done !

From danger now I’m freed—the work is done ;
Calmly and sweetly now my minutes run ;
God heavenly food supplies,
And shows me Salem’s joys,
While, like the blest, my ears are ringing
With blissful sounds of angels singing,
The work is done !

I care not for the flesh!—the work is done ;
My form may waste, and to corruption turn,
 Though dust return to dust,
 Each atom is God's trust,
Who will no harm permit befall it,
Till from the grave His voice recall it :
 The work is done !

Prais'd be the God of love—the work is done,
And Christ receives my soul—vain world begone,
 Thy friendships now I break,
 The course I ran forsake,
The dangers oft my pathway strewing ;
Farewell,—heaven's glories now I'm viewing :
 The work is done !”
 MAY 2nd, 1847.

Dr. Mackness was now meditating a new work. His attention had been directed by some local instances, to the prevalence of the affection called “Clergyman's Sore Throat,” and he resolved to write a small pamphlet on the subject. To this he refers in the following letter, which was written just after the Derby meeting of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association.

“Hastings, August 8th.

“My dear M——,

“I have received much advantage by going to Derby, for I have met with several medical men of eminence who have seen much of the disease, and who have promised to answer any series of questions I may put to them. I

started for Derby on the 2nd, after much bustle, —railroad to Polegate, met there a conveyance which took me to Eastbourne, to see Miss —, and from thence to Alfreton, to see Miss — and Mrs. —, staid all night, and on Tuesday met the train at Berwick for London. At half past five I started for Derby, and at the station I found Mr. Martin of Reigate. On my arrival at the Royal Hotel (Derby) the landlady met me at the door and addressed me by my name. On further conversation with her, I found she had lodged for some months on the Castle Hill, Hastings, and that I had attended one of her intimate friends. On entering the dining-room, Drs. Lyon and Radford of Manchester, Mr. Crosse of Norwich, Dr. Soulby of Dovor, and several others came forward to greet me. I had tea, and sat chatting till late with Mr. Churchill. Next morning, had a short stroll about the town before breakfast. About a dozen of us breakfasted together, and we had some very nice talk afterwards. At eleven we had a Council Meeting, (he was now a member of the Council,) where I saw Dr. Robertson and hosts of other friends. I had three invitations, but dined at the President's, Dr. Heygate. On Thursday morning I went to see the gaol—shot manufactory—porcelain manufactory, and was thoroughly exhausted. This was after the public breakfast. I then attended the meeting, and lunched at the house of

one of the principal medical men, Mr. Evans. At the public dinner, I sat next the mayor, and near Mr. Crosse, Dr. Radford, Dr. Ranking, and Dr. Streeten. On Friday morning I returned to town with Mr. Martin, Mr. Churchill, &c., and arrived at home at half past eight after a most pleasant meeting."

"Sept. 8th.

"My dear M——,

"Perhaps there may be something in the French book which may answer the purpose, when describing the management of the voice so as to produce the least possible injury to the vocal organs. I have been but little able to persevere with my work lately, and this grieves me much. These neuralgic pains annoy me whenever I begin to work hard. I am thoroughly savage, and you know that under such circumstances you ought to be here, in order that I might vent myself on you in the way of scolding. I have made all the arrangements for publishing, hence I must keep at work to get it out of hand. I have a whole *volume* of matter on the subject of clergyman's sore throat from Dr. W. Roots. I have also the experience of several other medical men, and an American book on the subject, and all this, with my own judgment, will surely make a readable treatise."

The description he here gives of himself, as *savage* under suffering, is of course playful, and indeed nothing could be more unlike the fact. Rarely did the most severe pain wring from him an impatient expression, or make him neglectful of the feelings of others. The sweetness of his temper in illness made it quite a privilege to wait on him.

“Sept. 14th.

“My dear M——,

“There certainly does not appear to be much in the French work ; however, some of the remarks on the cultivation of the voice may be useful. The cases are none of them much to the purpose. I have decided that the title of the book shall be “Dysphonia Clericorum.” I hoped ere this to have sent you some manuscript to transcribe. I am now getting on very well ; I begin to feel more master of my subject. Dr. Roots’ communications have been of essential service to me.”

“Oct. 24th.

“My dear M——,

“The manuscript came to hand in good time on Friday night. I was obliged to go to Rye, and I had my lamp at the back of the carriage, which enabled me to correct it as I went, and send it off to the printer from Rye, when I

arrived there. I have been very busy during the last week ; twice I have had to go to Rye, and sleep there each night. I have to go to Robertsbridge to-morrow. On Saturday Dr. Greenhill comes to Hastings and stays till Monday. You are always out of the way when the nice people come. I do not think it will be safe for you to stay in London the month of November, so that when you leave Hertfordshire, you must come at once home. We have had the bazaar for the Infirmary during the last week—the sum obtained was upwards of £800, so far, so good. Mrs M—— is much better than she was, and as I have not the pressure from without which lack of employment produces, I am very well. God bless you and preserve you.”

When I returned in November, I found Dr. Mackness's family increased by the presence of a niece, his brother's daughter, now motherless. She had come at first, indeed, as a visitor, but her uncle ultimately determined to educate and provide for her as his own.

Mr. S——, a patient of his, in whom he had taken much interest, died this winter. His devoted young wife ever spoke with the greatest feeling of Dr. Mackness's kindness, and of the support it had been to her in her affliction. On the death of her husband, he wrote to her the following letter.

“Dec 1st, 1847.

“My dear Mrs. S——,

“I have just heard, through the kindness of your dear sister-in-law, of your bereavement, and I would fain add one little word of consolation, to lighten the trial which you have to bear; but what can I say to you more than that I sincerely sympathize with you, for all my thoughts and feelings in reference to my late friend and patient, partake more of joy than sorrow, more of congratulation than regret. A warrior escaped from the din of battle with the crown of victory! a traveller reaching his home after journeying through a dangerous wilderness! a mariner arrived safe in port after escaping the winds, and waves, and threatened shipwreck! a saint entering glory through the blood of a crucified Redeemer! sin and hell conquered and grace triumphant! These, and similar images rush into the mind, as memory recalls the unwavering faith, the Christian patience, of your dear departed husband, and the certain assurance that he has now exchanged a life of pain and suffering, for eternal happiness, rather excites in the mind a longing to reach the same goal oneself, than to call him back. Of one thing, my dear lady, I feel assured, that your late husband's God will be your God, that He will watch over you and your child, for has He not promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and a husband to

the widow, and are not His promises yea, and amen for evermore? To the tender mercies of that gracious Being, then, I most earnestly commend you, fully believing, that He only can give you that consolation which He has promised to all that trust in His name."

"Hastings, Dec. 23rd, 1847.

"My dear Mrs. S——,

"I received your kind letter and the parcel in due order. I know not how to express my feelings, in regard to the many acts of kindness I have received from you and your late excellent husband. It is at all times a most painful thing for a physician to witness the powerlessness of his art to remove disease, but when the patient is endeared to him by genuine worth of character, by perfect trust in his skill, by many acts of kindness, and by frequent intercourse, it is impossible to describe how painfully that physician observes every unfavourable change, and how much of real anguish he endures when he feels his utter inability to save. And when to this is added, the trial of witnessing the tears of connexions, of a wife for a husband, a child for a parent, it becomes at times almost overwhelming. Such, my dear lady, were the feelings with which I watched over your late husband's case, during the latter part of the time that he was under my care. And as I beheld

the grief of your almost breaking heart, the few days before you left Hastings, I could have wished myself anything but a medical man.* I am glad your little boy is well—I shall ever feel deeply interested in you and yours.

“Believe me,

“&c. &c.”

The “Dysphonia Clericorum,” was published in the beginning of the following year, 1848, and was favourably noticed in the principal reviews. The reviewer in the Dublin Quarterly Journal, says, “Our object in this short notice of Dr. Mackness’s Treatise, has not been to give any analysis of its contents—this, its truly practical character, combining conciseness with clearness of expression, forbids—but to bring it under the notice of the profession, as a timely and useful addition to English medical literature.”

The spring of this year was marked by circumstances of painful interest, in Dr. Mackness’s home. Miss A——, a cousin of his wife, a lovely amiable young woman of twenty, was committed to his care in hopes of warding off the threatened symptoms of disease. She staid in his house al

* Those who are conversant only with business or mechanical employment, can scarcely imagine what a heavy heart the medical man takes with him out of the house at death.—*Moral Aspects of Medical Life—Letter to Hallé.*

the winter. The case was obscure, but he watched her with unremitting vigilance, and by judicious management, her health began to improve. Great hopes were entertained of her recovery, but unhappily, during the month of January, she took influenza, and fatal symptoms in time began to manifest themselves. The disease made rapid progress, and she was soon confined to her bed. It was really beautiful to see the tenderness, the ingenious kindness, with which Dr. Mackness strove to smooth the path of decline. One of the peculiarities of the case, was a total distaste for food, so that the same thing could hardly be swallowed twice in succession. He seldom went out on his rounds, without bringing home some little delicacy to tempt the sickly appetite of poor Mary Anne, and, if possible, he would take it to her himself, and beguile her into eating it. Then again, he would contrive all sorts of things to relieve her restlessness, and weariness of posture, and, if at home in the evening, would send her poor mother (who had come to nurse her) down to the drawing-room for a little change, and would take her place beside the dying girl, and soothe her with conversation or reading. It was on one of these occasions, when left thus alone with him, that she asked him to tell her the very truth respecting her state, and the time she had to live. He explained to her that the disease in the lungs

had not made such progress but that she might live for some time, but that the total want of appetite, the height of the pulse, &c., made him fear she could not last many weeks. On this announcement, she expressed a wish to be removed, if possible, into Northamptonshire, to die at home, as she felt it would be a comfort to her parents. He assured her that it was possible, and that he himself would go with her, and watch over her during the journey. From this time she was perfectly calm and happy, and would express regret when any one tried to persuade her, that there were hopes of her longer continuance. "I wish they would not talk so," she used to say, "after such prospects of heaven as I have had, it seems so sad to think of coming back to earth." On Friday, the 7th of April, Mr. Vores administered to her the Holy Communion, in company with her mother and sister, Dr. Mackness, Mrs. Mackness, myself, and another friend, who had taken great interest in dear Mary Anne. Out of that little company of seven communicants, four, including the invalid herself, her mother, and sister, have already, as we trust, joined the communion of saints above! The day after the memorable tenth of April, Mary Anne—already more like a corpse than a living creature—was removed in a bed-carriage from Hastings—Dr. Mackness travelling with her, and never quitting her till he saw her safely

deposited in her home. The next morning, when he took his final leave of her, she thanked him for his kindness, and faintly whispered, as she clung to his neck, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand," begging him ever to remember that text for her sake. She died on the 2nd of May. Regrets for her loss were almost effaced by the still heavier trial which befell her family. Her eldest brother, about a year younger, was taken ill on the day of her death; and on the 10th of May, brother and sister were buried in the same grave! Poor George had been an especial favourite with Dr. Mackness, he had been at Hastings much during his sister's stay, had been studying chemistry under the Doctor's superintendence, was his frequent antagonist at the chess-table, and his companion during his daily drives. He seemed so full of life and spirits, that the idea of death could scarcely enter the mind in connexion with him. His death was a great shock to the Doctor, though he had been uneasy at the accounts he had received of his health, after his return to Northamptonshire, and had urged his consulting Dr. Robertson or Dr. Noble. The following letters refer to these events:—

Hastings, June 10th, 1848.

“My dear Mrs. S——,

“I was truly glad to receive a letter from you, for my thoughts have often turned towards you and your dear child. I trust that that God who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, will still support and comfort you. I am sorry to hear that your child is not very well, but I hope the summer will set him up. Should you consider that a few weeks at the sea would be conducive to his health, and will come, and take up your abode with us, Mrs. Mackness and I shall be happy to show you all the hospitality in our power.

“Since I saw you, we have had a severe trial, an amiable and beautiful young girl of twenty, a near relation, paid us a visit with her brother. She took influenza, after which she had an attack on the chest, which terminated in consumption. I took her home in an invalid carriage. She laid three weeks after her arrival. She died on a Tuesday—her brother, aged nineteen, was taken ill, he died on the Saturday, and they were both buried in the same grave. I loved them as my own children, so that you may easily conceive how much I suffered, and do still suffer. How truly is one constrained to say with Montgomery—

‘ Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend ;
There is no union here of hearts,
Which has not here an end.’

May we all then set our affections above earth, on that Being who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

To the friend who had been a communicant with us in Mary Anne’s sick-chamber.

“ June 8th.

“ My dear Miss C——,

“ How very kind of you to try and comfort me about my dear departed young friends. I know not how it was, but somehow or other, I allowed them to wind around my heart in such a manner, that their separation from me was like the withdrawal of the green ivy from some ancient tower—that which at first climbed over the surface, at length penetrated, and became bound up with its very existence. Those young people had so much of life and joyousness about them, so much of natural simplicity, and goodness of heart, that although I know I ought not to have bound up my feelings so much with them, I could not help it, but God’s will be done—and it *will* be done both in heaven and in earth. Man may plan, may provide, and desire,

but God rules over all, from Him alone must every good come, and by Him alone is permitted any trouble or distress. It is, indeed, my dear lady, a delightful feeling when looking around us, contemplating the works and ways of our covenant God, to become thoroughly sensible of His all-wise dispensations and designs, in even the minutest things around us—to become thoroughly imbued with the conviction, that love eternal, unbounded, omnipresent, directs all. When I seriously contemplate what God is, both in his works of creation, and grace, I am fully convinced that simple, trustful, ardent love to Him, must afford the purest enjoyment in this world, and be a foretaste of the joys of a never ending eternity.

“Present my kind regards to your honoured mother. O what a loved name is that of mother ! how often do I feel the loss of my own beloved parent ! From her lips I was early taught to worship and praise God, and her lamb-like meekness, her earnest piety, her perfect trust and submission, were lessons taught me in maturer age ; but her sainted spirit is now enjoying the presence of that Saviour whom she loved so well. How beautiful those lines of Cowper.

“My boast is not that I derived my birth
From loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth ;
But higher still my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

Pardon my sentimentality, which I fear you will think very puerile ; nevertheless, believe me to have a loving heart."

The Provincial Medical Anniversary was held this year at Bath ; Dr. Mackness attended, and visited Dr. Greenhill, at Oxford, on his way thither. I have, however, no letter, giving an account of these meetings.

The following note was written on the 10th of October, and bears testimony to one of his ways of doing good.

My dear Miss —,

I am quite ashamed of my neglect, I ought to have called on you before, but I have been much, very much occupied. On Thursday I was obliged to go to Brighton, on Friday to Rye, Winchelsea, Brede, and Udimere. Saturday I was unexpectedly engaged at the very time I had intended to visit you. Yesterday, a patient, whom I had long attended, suddenly summoned me to London, and this morning I missed the first train, and since I have been at home have been incessantly occupied. I mention these things to prove to you that it has not been intentional neglect on my part. I will, however, call to-morrow, and talk about that poor throat of yours. With regard to one part of your note, that which relates to *fees*, I beg you will never mention, or think of such matters again as far as I am con-

cerned. I do not intend, and never did intend to receive any thing of the kind, for this reason, that it is an established rule with me not to receive fees from those who have been engaged in tuition, and who are only prevented by illness from being still so engaged. Do not then feel under the least obligation to me for doing what I consider only a part of my duty, or rather repay me by sending for me whenever I can be of any service to you.

“Believe me, &c.”

Our friends, Dr. and Mrs. S——, spent a few days with us in November, preparatory to settling in our neighbourhood for the winter. I remember Dr. S. remarking what an increase of happiness Dr. Mackness had gained by the adoption of his little niece. “It seems,” he said, “to have called out new sympathies, new feelings, of the existence of which previously, perhaps, even he himself was not aware.” It was indeed a period of much peace and prosperity with him in every way. The difficulties which had beset his early years at Hastings, had in a great measure been overcome; a steady prospect of competence, and even affluence, was now before him, and his health at this time was reaping the benefit of greater quiet of mind, without having as yet suffered from excess of occupation. He was not insensible of these mercies. Not only did they draw

him nearer to his fellow-creatures in acts of kindness and beneficence, but they seemed to draw him nearer to God. I recollect one evening in particular, when on the occasion of some fresh proof of prosperity, he was led into a review of former days, and a comparison with his then position—he suddenly said, “Let us pray,” and kneeling down, returned thanks to God in a most fervent and touching manner, acknowledging his own deep unworthiness, supplicating forgiveness for past sins for Christ’s sake, and grace to live henceforth to the glory of God. This was by no means a solitary act of the kind, although it was one which peculiarly stamped itself in my memory.

The beginning of the year 1849 was marked to me by the publication of my Tale of “Brampton Rectory.” Dr. Mackness had long wished me to undertake something original, and when the extreme views adopted by most of the religious fictions of the day led me to desire to exhibit in a popular form, those views which I believed were needed by the times, he encouraged and assisted me with truly brotherly zeal, and nothing, next to the hope of advancing the cause of Divine Truth, gave me so much pleasure as the interest and satisfaction which he evinced in the completion of the design.

The winter was one of very hard work to him, numerous patients, and many anxious cases, and

when the spring arrived, the wear and tear of continual occupation began to show themselves in his frame. He complained of the failure of strength, and expressed his conviction that he must have thorough relaxation. It was some time previous to this, that he had drawn up an account of his own case, and transmitted it to the Editor of Graves' Clinical Lectures, a book for which he had the highest value. Something he had read in the first edition had led him to think that he could throw light from his own experience on a point there mentioned. The case was inserted in his own words in the second edition of the Lectures, and it is given here as it is published. It is fuller and more complete than his former descriptions, and it illustrates much that followed as well as preceded this period.

“The symptoms in the case of what is here called gouty neuralgia, are in some respects very similar to what I have myself suffered, and this without any hereditary or constitutional tendency to gout. I am inclined to think that the malady has its origin in slight inflammation or irritation of the spinal cord, or its membranes ;* this state being excited by certain impressions made upon the extremities of the nerves, especially of the

* The Lecturer remarks, “All the symptoms may, I think, be ascribed to *functional* derangement of the spinal marrow.”—*Graves' Clinical Lectures*, page 470.

lower limbs, and carried along the trunks of the nervous centres,—cold being usually the exciting cause; but for this to produce the specific effect of which I speak, I believe it necessary that the digestive organs should be in a state of irritation. Such was the case with me. I was residing in the country, at the earliest commencement of my disease, where the atmosphere was usually loaded with moisture, arising from a sluggishly flowing river, a short distance from the banks of which my residence stood. I had, in attending to my professional duties, much night work, riding perhaps for several miles on horseback through a foggy atmosphere, and then having to sit for hours in a cold cottage or farm house, my feet and legs as cold as if they were immersed in ice-water. I was very temperate in my habits, but I suffered much from dyspepsia; at first the pains were slight, and the paroxysms very short, but gradually they became more severe and of longer continuance, generally affecting the lower extremities; at the same time there was a slight loss of power in these limbs, which manifested itself by a little awkwardness of gait, and was more observable to my friends than to myself. This state of things continued, rather increasing in severity for two or three years, at the end of which, my gait became more unsteady, and I found it difficult to walk in the dark, or where my eyes were not fixed on the road. Bilious

attacks, attended with constant sickness and vomitings of bile, with severe pain in the head and shoulder, then began to visit me at stated intervals, these intervals becoming shorter and shorter, until I rarely passed a month without having two or three. In the mean time, the pain became more severe; so intense was it at times, that I have as much dreaded any of my family coming within a yard or two of me, for fear that some part of their dress might touch me, and thus excite a paroxysm, as any hydrophobic patient dreads the sight of fluid or any glistening surface. A draught of air was often quite sufficient to excite the paroxysm. What was perhaps worse to bear than even the pain itself, was the constant dread I had during an attack, of its coming on. It was not one part only that was affected, but oftentimes the whole of the extremities in turn, yet mostly the lower. I have sometimes tried to point out to my friends the spots which the pain attacked, but so quick were the transitions from one place to another, that, although I have tried to touch each part successively, I have always failed in being able to do so sufficiently quickly. The cutaneous nerves were often so sensitive, that the slightest touch would produce the most exquisite torture; thus giving an example of the law established by Dr. Marshall Hall, that in proportion as the muscles become less under the control of the will, this

irritability becomes increased. This continued strain upon the nervous system produced epileptic fits, which continued for some years, and another affection of the nervous system—spasmodic closure of the glottis began at this time to show itself, often threatening suffocation. It is very singular that my father was subject to the same affection. At length I gave up my professional duties, after having suffered for four years a martyrdom, and went abroad, at first with some benefit, but I afterwards became worse. Having been accustomed to a very active life, the change to one of complete idleness, although at first useful and pleasant, became after a time intolerable, and produced a state of *ennui* in the mind which appeared to keep up the malady. In this state, weak and emaciated as I was, I determined once more to resume my professional avocations, and as I had found by experience that a cold damp atmosphere, with a clayey sub-soil was injurious to me, I chose this place for a residence, where I have now resided eight years ; my health and strength gradually improving. The means which I have found most useful in my case, have been a simple nourishing diet, taken only in such quantities as the stomach would bear without a feeling of oppression ; moderate exercise, not amounting to fatigue, and agreeable occupation of the mind. I do not now suffer often from the disease, and when I do suffer, the attacks are

trifling compared with what they formerly were. My firm belief is, that I should not suffer at all if my mind were perfectly quiet and pleasantly occupied ; but I have now a large practice, often much bodily and mental fatigue, and sometimes considerable exposure to the weather in long journeys ; and as these are inseparable from the practice of a profession which I love with all my heart, I make up my mind to suffer a little rather than forego it. I have reason to think that the situation of Hastings is peculiarly favourable to my disease. I have never fully recovered the perfect use of my lower extremities, yet they are much stronger than formerly ; for I used to require a stick to walk with, now I never, or rarely, use one. I do not, however, walk much, as I find I am soon tired."

Up to this spring of 1849 there had been—conformably to the foregoing statement—a gradual improvement in Dr. Mackness's health and strength ; but now there appeared something of a retrograde movement, and he determined to take warning in time, and have a thorough holiday. He had for some time past been thinking of sending his niece to Germany for a better education than could be had at the same expense in England, and having, from a dear friend who had many German connexions, received a high character of the Moravian Institution at Neu-wied, he determined to take the little girl there

himself, and then proceed up the Rhine as far as time would permit. Our party, which at first was to consist only of himself, Mrs. Mackness, Annie, and me, was soon increased to six, two friends, daughters out of the families of patients, desiring to accompany us.

Before leaving Hastings on this journey, Dr. Mackness had the great pleasure of receiving a visit from his old and valued friend, Dr. Robertson, who, with Mrs. Robertson, spent a week or ten days with us. A pleasant time it was,—few greater gratifications, at any time, could Dr. Mackness receive than the visit of a medical friend, and the visit of Dr. Robertson was pre-eminently welcome to him. It was a little alloyed, indeed, by the increasing warnings of illness felt by Dr. Mackness, especially a recurrence of the frightful affection which he mentions in his account of his case, spasm of the glottis, which he had not had since his residence at Hastings. It was fondly hoped, however, that the foreign journey would set all to rights.

On the 10th of May we started for Dover—crossed to Ostend that night, and travelling through Belgium, stopping one day at Antwerp and one at Brussels, we reached Bonn late on the Saturday night. It had been determined to proceed there as quickly as possible, as having already seen Belgium, Dr. Mackness was desirous not to linger in that country longer than just to

show us, who had never been there, one or two of the Belgian cities. He was in high spirits on the journey. Having left all his patients in the care of a friend, he was enabled to throw off all anxiety, and to give full scope to the enjoyment of the passing scene, and I remember the delight he expressed as we were travelling from Ostend to Antwerp in the prospect of a whole day's, nay of many whole days' leisure. The following letter, written to one of his patients, a young lady much endeared to him, gives a little account of his feelings.

TO MISS M. A. S.

“Bonn, Sunday afternoon.

“My dear Mary Anne,

“I promised to write to you from this place, on this day, fully intending to reach it, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my companions, who told me that I should kill them with fatigue. Well, here we are, at the Hotel Royal, at the foot of whose garden flows the glorious Rhine in all its magnificent beauty, on the surface of which innumerable boats are throwing its placid waters into ripples. As my eyes are turned towards the opposite bank of the river, a highly cultivated country meets my view, composed of hill and vale, woods and corn-fields, villas and cottages, reminding me of some of the

most beautiful of the scenery of the midland counties of England. But on my right are the Seven Mountains, including the Drachenfels, rising in all their wild grandeur, the broad and shining river descending as it were from their very bosom. With a heart determined to be happy, you cannot wonder that I should receive enjoyment from such objects as those by which I am now surrounded.

“We arrived at Dover safely on Wednesday evening, walked round the Castle, went on board at eight o’clock, put out and lay in the roads, which really was more disagreeable than if we had been going on. I will not, however, speak of the disagreeables of the passage, suffice it to say, that we arrived at Ostend, started for Antwerp at half-past eight, and arrived at half-past twelve. After having our dinner, we went to the cathedral, where they had full service.* We afterwards went round the town, and the next morning started for Brussels. We went to the cathedral, drove round the city, visited a picture gallery, and the next morning set off for Bonn. After a *long, long* journey, we arrived tired enough about ten at night. We were so weary that we could scarcely manage to drag our limbs to our bed-rooms. I managed to sleep till nearly four this morning, when I got up, and on looking

* It was Ascension-day, with them the feast of the Assumption.

out of the window, the splendid view of the river and the Seven Mountains met my eyes, and my ears were saluted by the song of numerous nightingales; altogether a scene of enchantment which captivated all my senses, and though I went to bed again, I could not sleep, but was continually returning to the window, to feast my eyes on the glorious prospect. This morning we have been to the English Church, and are now going to tea with an old friend whom we have not seen for ten years. To-morrow we go to Neuwied to leave Annie, but return in the evening."

The old friend here mentioned was Mrs. F——, with whom Dr. and Mrs. Mackness had been so intimate at St. Servan. She was now residing with her two younger sons at Bonn, for the sake of the advantages of the University, and it was chiefly with a view to her society that Bonn had been fixed upon as a kind of head-quarters.

On the following day, Monday, May 21st, we made our first excursion up the Rhine, as far as Neuwied. The day was fine, and the scenery lovely, and Dr. Mackness highly enjoyed the sight of the far-famed objects which German literature had prepared him to appreciate. We spent the day at Neuwied, and came away in the evening, leaving our dear young companion at the Moravian Institution. The parting from her

was rather a cloud in the day's enjoyment. The next day we spent in seeing the Kreutzberg, the cemetery with Niebuhr's monument, the Minster, &c., intending to go the next day to see Cologne, which we had as yet only passed through in going from one station to another. But in the night, Dr. Mackness, who had been complaining a little of pain and uneasiness on the previous day, became very unwell, and the next day he kept his bed, exceedingly ill, with violent pain and constant retchings. Towards evening, however, he became better, and was able to converse with an English gentleman, who was staying in the hotel, and kindly came to offer his services to us. The next day, Thursday the 24th, our invalid appeared so well, that it was planned to proceed to Coblentz on the morrow. Our hotel bill was paid, and all arrangements made, but that night the pain and sickness returned more violently than before, and on Friday the Doctor appeared so alarmingly ill, that it was necessary to send for medical advice. He himself evidently thought unfavourably of his symptoms, and I remember the sinking of heart which I experienced when, having expressed to him a hope that he might soon be better, he replied, "I do not think, M——, I shall." To Mrs. Mackness also he said, "Ah! I shall never see my happy home again." None but those who have been in the circumstances we were, can know what it is to

hear such expressions when far from home and country. It was no small mercy to us, however, to have English friends in the town, and in the hotel itself an English, nay a *Sussex* family, who though previously strangers, showed us the greatest kindness. The physician for whom our countrymen had advised us to send, was Dr. Wolf, but he not being at home, Professor Kinian was called in. He paid us every attention, and sent us a kind of male attendant to act as a nurse. The position of this person, who was called a *Wundarzt*, and his relation to medical practice, a great deal interested and amused Dr. Mackness when he became a little better. On Saturday the pain and sickness a little abated, and Professor Kinian having to go into the country, consigned his patient to the care of Dr. Kalt, of whose attention, kindness, and careful scientific treatment, it is impossible to speak too highly. On Sunday afternoon we were dreadfully alarmed; Dr. Mackness had seemed quiet and comfortable, and had insisted on every one going down as usual to the table d'hôte dinner. Mrs. Mackness, and I, however, relieved each other in watching him, and while I was with him he was seized with a severe fit of the nature of those mentioned in the account sent to Dr. Graves, which had not recurred for more than ten years. Dr. Kalt was immediately on the spot, but before he arrived, Dr. Mackness had

regained his consciousness, and was able to direct us in the application of remedies. Our position all this time was most trying. Quiet was absolutely necessary to our beloved invalid, but it was Whit-Sunday—the hotel was full of visitors, and two bands of music were playing in the neighbouring gardens. Happily one of our rooms was a little removed from the sound of the concert, and into this was Dr. Mackness removed. Dr. Kalt staid with us greater part of the afternoon and evening, and our English friends did every thing they could to ensure quiet and comfort. Singular to say, the fit seemed to be a relief to the nervous system, and from that time Dr. Mackness became decidedly better. After a night of anxious watching, harassed by the noise which after all that the civil proprietor of the hotel had done to keep it quiet, still startled our ears from time to time, we had the unspeakable blessing of seeing the object of our anxiety so far recovered in the morning as to be able to get up and leave his room. Never shall I forget the deep seriousness with which, feeble as he was, he yet called Mrs. M. and me to his room to return thanks to God for his recovery, nor the prayer in which he earnestly implored grace to devote the life spared to His glory.

That very afternoon he was able to write the following letter to his dear young patient at Hastings. He was very anxious she should not

be alarmed about his health by any uncertain reports, and therefore lost no time in communicating with her himself.

TO MISS M. A. S.

“Bonn, May 28th.

“My dear Mary Anne,

“I have this day heard from Dr. Chase, and although you have not much improved, I hear that you are not worse than when I left. You will be surprised that I write from the same place from which my last letter was dated, but I have been very ill and unable to get on. I felt for many weeks past that I should have a serious illness if I did not leave home, and although I did leave home, I have not escaped it; I have been obliged to have two physicians attending me, and as this is a University town, we were well off for advice. I am thankful to say that I am very much better, although very weak, but I trust by the time I get home, I shall again feel myself as usual, perhaps better than I have been for a long time, for I have not had so severe an illness for many years.

Dear Annie is at school, and has now been there a week. We heard from her yesterday, and she appeared to feel very lonely; she does not know that I have been ill; I shall see her next week, when I hope I shall find her more recon-

ciled. There are some very nice English girls at the school, so that I dare say it is only the first feeling.

“Bonn is certainly a lovely place, which grows upon one as one knows it. The ladies (our friends, Miss H. and Miss A.), have made excursions among the mountains, but I have not been able to accompany them. I have an old and dear friend at Bonn, who has been a comfort to me in this illness. This is Whit-Monday, you are very gay at Hastings, and it is quite a gala day here also ; flags flying, music on all sides, all the vessels on the Rhine ornamented, and everybody dressed in their best clothes ; even our laundress said she could not wash to-day for it was a Sunday to her. The sky overhead is of such a lovely hue as to make the general effect completely joyous and beautiful, whilst the Drachenfels and the Seven Mountains, standing in bold relief against the bright clear horizon, form altogether a panorama which your pencil would delight to sketch ; but I must not write more, for my head is very confused, and my pen rather unsteady. Miss Howard, too, is sitting by me, and telling me I must not write much. Pray give my kindest regards to your aunt, father, and sister, and believe me, &c., &c.”

That evening, Dr. Mackness was quite himself. Dr. Kalt drank tea with us, and the conversation

turned partly on the politics of Germany, then in a very disturbed state; and partly on the Romish Church, of which Dr. Kalt was a devoted member. Dr. Mackness took his full share of the conversation. I remember the mediation of the saints, and especially of the Virgin, was spoken of. Dr. Kalt defended the Roman Catholic practice, on the ground of it being less awful to approach a human being than the holy God. Dr. Mackness remarked, that this notion of a further mediation being necessary, had the effect of rendering superfluous the great glory of the Gospel scheme, the approach of man to God in the person of Christ.

Dr. Mackness was, however, much interested in the earnest and devout character of the German physician, as well as in his high degree of medical attainment. Dr. Kalt talked seriously to his patient about his state of health, urging him to greater care in many respects. He recommended that during the remainder of the present tour, he should avoid fatigue, and to that end should travel by steamer as much as possible. In pursuance of this wise counsel, it was nearly settled that we should at once proceed up the Rhine to Coblentz, and thence up the Moselle, to Treves, and afterwards as far up the Rhine as time and the state of the country would permit. But unhappily, some of our party had a great desire to go up the Ahr Valley, which had been named

to us as an interesting excursion, and on the morning they were to start, Thursday, 31st, Dr. Mackness finding himself much better, with that wonderful resiliency of spirit which so often deceived both himself and others, as to his real strength, determined to go likewise.

We all left Bonn on the 31st, to go up the Ahr Valley as far as Altenahr. The scenery was very beautiful, especially when after leaving Ahrweiler, the road began to wind round heights, cultivated on the south side almost to the top, with vines planted on terraces, on the north side covered with brushwood and trailing plants; then to penetrate through narrow defiles, giving to me my first idea of mountain passes.

Dr. Mackness's expressions of admiration and delight were continually bursting forth, and we could but have rejoiced at having chosen the excursion, had it not been for fears about his strength, which was much tried by the long day's travelling in a German carriage, with a hot sun above us. We slept at Altenahr that night, and the next day had another fatiguing drive back to Andernach on the Rhine, whilst the Ahr, flowing through its pebbly bed, and spanned by rustic bridges, formed the boundary of our narrow but well kept highway.

We had determined to be at Coblenz on Sunday, but did not arrive till early in the morning, having been delayed on our road the previous

night by a terrific thunder-storm. After a week's fatigue and anxiety, the peace and rest of the Sunday at Coblentz were most welcome. The English church, which we had hoped to attend, was closed, on account of the illness of the clergyman, but we sate quietly and happily in our rooms, Dr. Mackness reading Massillon's sermons, which I had just purchased, and apparently full of calm and grateful feeling. The heat was excessive, but the evening was lovely, the moon rose in cloudless brilliancy, and as we sauntered along the bridge, the river winding through steep and wooded banks which threw their solemn shadows on its surface, I began, at last, to feel that the Rhine *was* beautiful, and to long for a further acquaintance with it. Later still, as we sat in the balcony of our room in the Hotel de Gèans, flashes of lightning, the remnants of that fearful storm we had witnessed the preceding night, lighted up from time to time, with something of savage grandeur, the frowning walls of Ehrenbreitstein.

The following day, June 2nd, we spent in seeing the fortress and the town, and the next day we were all to have proceeded up the Rhine to Bingen, but some mistake having prevented Dr. Mackness's niece from joining us as planned at Coblentz, the party was divided; Dr. Mackness, Miss H——, and Miss A——, proceeding to Bingen and returning at night, Mrs. Mackness and I going to Neuwied to fetch Annie, whom we

were of course very anxious to see before we returned to England.

On Wednesday 6th, we set off to return homewards, leaving our young charge, as we passed, at Neuwied. The delay at Bonn had exhausted our time, and indeed, as war was just breaking out between Prussia and the Baden insurgents, we could hardly have prosecuted our original plan. On Wednesday night we slept at Bonn, on Thursday at Brussels, on Friday at Calais, and on Saturday, at mid-day, we were once more in our home at Hastings. We had travelled fast, for Dr. Mackness was again becoming unwell, and we much dreaded lest he should have another attack on the road. In fact, he had not been at home more than a few hours when he was obliged to take to his bed. His gratitude at having been permitted to reach home was most touching, nor was that gratitude without a fervent response in other hearts. The presence and medical care of his friend, Dr. Chase, who had had charge of his patients during his absence, were also felt to be great blessings.

The attack, though similar to that which the Doctor had had abroad, was much slighter, and by the Tuesday he was able to go out and see patients. He continued, however, very languid and poorly, and scarcely fit for his daily duties. His mind was evidently impressed with a feeling

of the precariousness of his life and health. When speaking confidentially on the subject, he never expressed a desire to live, for himself—if only he were prepared for the change; but he knew that his life was most valuable to others. His general tone, however, was, as usual, hopeful and cheerful, as in the following letter.

“July 10th, 1849.

“My dear Miss C——,

“My conscience tells me every day that I am very unjust to you in not answering your kind letters and messages; but the truth is that Mrs. Mackness and Miss Howard have made up their minds that I shall live an idle life, and if I write or read, I am told that I ought not to be sitting worrying my brain. This, with a real feeling of languor, which is usually present with me, indisposes me to do anything which I am not obliged to do. Many thanks for the *Trap*,* and a capital trap it is, and one well suited, if properly used, to catch and keep many sunbeams, and as all your life is passed in setting such traps, I may well envy the many bright rays you must possess. I hope your dear mother is quite well; pray remember me most kindly to her; I should very much like to see her, but alas! I do not know when I shall leave home again. My last holiday did me so little good, that if I do not get

* “A Trap to catch Sunbeams.”

well at home I shall despair of getting well elsewhere. I heard from your brother the other day ; I had written to him to ask him to come over, but he could not do so, being much occupied in attending to the school-house which is now building. I hope, however, he will come and see us next month, and probably, if I can spare a day I shall go over to Eastbourne. I very much want to introduce my nephew to him, he is now staying with me. Very many thanks for all your kindness to him ; he was much struck with 'Godfrey Davenant,' and is fully intent to follow the example of 'Austin Barrow.' . . . We have again heard from Annie, I send you her last letter which was evidently written in a hurry. I hope, my dear friend, that you are better, and that you take your rides on Bopeep daily. God preserve and bless you, and still enable you to do much good to others. Give my kindest regards to Dr. Powell when you see him, and believe me, &c."

A week after the date of this letter, the Doctor had another severe attack, and we almost gave up hope of ultimate recovery. Mr. Underwood, his old friend and pupil, (who had been settled at Battle for several years,) came over to see him, and thought so ill of him that he sent for the friend who, as mentioned, took charge of his patients during his absence from home, fully

believing that, even if spared, he would be for some time unfit for his work. But though Dr. Chase lost no time, but obeyed our summons with prompt kindness, the day he arrived Dr. Mackness was not only better, but actually gone to Beckley to see a patient! So wonderful were his powers of rallying! From this time also there seemed to be a real amendment in his health; by very strict attention to diet, following Sir James Clark's plan of not eating anything more than would just support him, the bilious attacks were warded off, and he had time to recover his strength.

But now a fresh anxiety arose; the cholera, which had been gradually spreading throughout the kingdom, reached Hastings, and one felt, of course, that in Dr. Mackness's then state of health, there was more than ordinary cause to dread his coming in contact with it in his practice. Providentially, however, he was very little exposed to its direct influence. Few cases occurred in his circle—amongst his private friends, I believe, none—and from those which he saw in consultation he suffered no injury.

On account of health, and for other reasons, Dr. Mackness did not attend the Provincial Medical and Surgical Anniversary, which was this year held at Worcester. He was very much affected by the death of Dr. Streeten, which had occurred whilst we were in Germany. "How

singular," he said, "that he should be taken, and I, who seemed so much more likely to die, spared!" At the Worcester meeting it was moved that "a committee of five members be appointed to consider the means advisable to be adopted with a view to bringing the subject of Medical Ethics before the medical profession." The following gentlemen were named on the committee: *—Dr. Greenhill, Dr. Robertson, Dr. J. Conolly, Dr. Mackness, and Mr. Flint.

In August, Dr. Mackness received a letter from Mr. Crosse, of Norwich, who was then staying at Brighton for his health, requesting him to look out for lodgings for him and Mrs Crosse, as they thought of coming on to Hastings for a short time. Dr. Mackness said, when he read the letter, "I shall write and tell him, that the best lodgings are at 22, *Wellington Square*." He wrote, and they came accordingly, to our very great gain. The company of Mr. Crosse, was some little compensation to the Doctor, for the loss of the medical meeting. It was the fullest opportunity of intercourse Mr. Crosse and he had ever had together—it was the last. Mr. Crosse's death preceded his, by about eight months. In a letter from his widow, occur these words, "My dear husband used to say, if no other good had resulted from that Society, (the Prov. Med. and Surg.) it had been the means of making us acquainted with dear Dr. Mackness."

* See Prov. Med. and Surg. Journal for Nov. 16th, 1849.

Towards the end of the autumn, Dr. Mackness was much engaged in preparing a new edition of his first work—"Hastings, a Resort for Invalids, &c." He materially enlarged and improved it, and this edition cost him, indeed, almost as much labour as an original treatise would have done, especially in the preparation of meteorological tables. He also enlarged his chapter on Pulmonary Consumption, giving a brief, but comprehensive sketch of its nature, origin, and progress. For this chapter he was censured by some of the medical periodicals, in their review of the work, as giving into the practice of popularising medical knowledge. Objections of this kind seem to belong to the class of those which are brought forward against teaching the masses political economy. In fact, it is not between knowledge and ignorance that we have to choose in such cases, but between knowledge correct, though limited, and false, but deeply-rooted notions. People will be content to be ignorant of many things, but they generally like to have some opinions about things that very nearly concern them, and, therefore, in matters which, like political economy, concern their purses—or which, like medicine, concern their lives, very few are without a theory of their own. That these theories, in the latter case at least, are more in accordance with true science, than were those of our forefathers, is mainly owing

to such authors as Dr. Combe, and others, who have taken the pains to enlighten us on the general laws of health and disease. Those who in early youth have suffered from the misconceptions and mismanagement of those who had the care of them, and such sufferers are not few, will best appreciate the value of such books, as tend to diffuse amongst parents, teachers, and the public in general, a sound and rational philosophy of health and disease.

The following was a birthday note, written by Dr. Mackness at this time, and accompanying a little book with specimens of wild flowers, on the fly-leaf of which he wrote a few lines :—

TO MISS M. A. S.

“Sept. 24th, 1849.

“My dear Mary Anne,

“Many, very many happy returns of this day, each one happier to you than the last. Would that my heart-felt desires could bring you restored health! But hope on, still hope, my dear girl; health and strength will, I trust, again return, and with them there will remain but the faint remembrance of past suffering. May God, in his mercy, make your future path pleasanter than the past, and although you and I may be far separated from each other, may the sufferings and trials of the past year, during which we

have been much together, cement a friendship pure and holy, which time nor distance shall weaken."

TO M. A. S. ON HER BIRTH-DAY, SEPT. 24TH.

FROM A DEAR FRIEND.

"I send a wreath of wild flowers
On Mary Anne's natal day,
Memorials of happier hours,
And seasons past away.

"When she in youthful joyfulness,
Picked blossoms from each field,
And in full health and childish bliss,
Thought life all good must yield.

"But months of pain and weariness,
Say while they quickly fly,
Earth yields both gloom and dreariness,
Though mixed with love and joy.

"Life's but a weary pilgrimage,
Its best delights are vain,
Where hopes, and fears, and passions rage,
A mastery to gain.

"Then let my aims be measured
By trust in God, and zeal,
His love and care be treasured,
In future woe or weal.

"Come peace of mind, come sadness,
I have not far to roam,
My spirit feels all gladness,
It seeks a happier home."

TO HIS BROTHER.

"Nov. 13th.

"My dear George,

"I was much grieved to hear of your illness, but I am glad you are better. I wish you had taken the opportunity when you were out of business to come down to Hastings. I should very much like to know how you are getting on with your new arrangements—I mean in a pecuniary way; tell me when you write again, also, if I can do anything for the boys, if they want anything that you cannot get them, and I can. This has been a heavy year to me in several ways—my journey to Germany, &c. Still I will do anything I can for the dear boys, for I love them much.

"I am sorry to say that my health has been in anything but a satisfactory state lately. Even now, whilst I am writing this, I feel a numbness in my left leg, which looks very like an increase of paralysis. Fortune is now within my reach, if health would permit me to secure it, but all our happiness is incomplete. I shall write to Annie at the end of this week."

TO DR. GREENHILL.

"Hastings, Dec. 25th.

"My dear Dr. Greenhill,

" . . . I do not know how I can thank you sufficiently, for your kindness to my dear

nephews, in the valuable books you have sent them. I have not yet had an opportunity of sending them to them, but I hope to do so soon. The eldest boy is fully able to appreciate their value, the youngest I have not seen for some years, but I understand that he is a boy of excellent ability.

"I should have written to you before, but I have been occupied with the second edition of my 'Climate of Hastings,' which will now soon be out, and I find that I am not able to work so hard mentally, as I used to do. What a sad thing is ill health to a professional man, preventing him doing as he would! Many thanks for your own little work. The American Code of Ethics, appears to be well arranged. What have you done towards the Ethical rules for the Provincial?

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you all here again next summer, if not before. I shall not be able to leave home myself, every day appears to tie me faster and faster, and my own health is a bar to that free locomotion I was wont to indulge in. Pray give my best love to Mary, and also to Willy. I should love to have little Mary with us for a few months, if you could spare her, Mrs. Mackness would take care of her, and Miss Howard could hear her lessons."

"Jan. 1st, 1850. I begin this year full of hope, on every subject but that of health."

This was the first entry for the year, in a journal which Dr. Mackness then began to keep, and which he continued till the last week of his life. In was, indeed, no more than a short notice of each day, kept in his medical visiting book, yet is it most interesting and valuable, for amidst entries of engagements, professional and otherwise, of anxieties for his patients, records of his own health, &c., there are interspersed brief memoranda of his state of mind from time to time, and these memoranda often broken off and continued in a kind of cipher, known only to himself, show an earnest striving after holiness, confessions of short comings, supplications for Divine assistance, and thanksgivings for help received, forming to those who knew the beauty and blamelessness of his daily life, a remarkable proof of growing spiritual insight.

I so well know how greatly he disliked the system of publishing diaries, that this, but for weightier considerations, would make me averse to trespass on the sacredness of his—always during life kept carefully secured by a lock, and never seen by any eye but his own. A few, however, of the more general entries and remarks, may without impropriety be used to illustrate the course of events and feelings in this, the last completed year of his life.

The following letter was addressed to the wife

of the relative, several letters to whom have already been given :—

“Jan. 3rd, 1850.

“My dear Aunt,

“I am much grieved to hear so poor an account of our uncle. I fear he suffers very much, and glad should I be if I could suggest anything which would be likely to give him relief; but this is just one of those cases which must be treated according to circumstances, and of those circumstances no one can judge except from personal observation. I have thought and thought again over the matter, but the more I think of it, the more am I convinced that anything I might recommend would be just as likely to do harm as good. I only wish you were a little nearer, I would soon be at your side, and would see what could be done to give him relief, but at the great distance at which you are, and with the constant occupation I have, it is impossible to leave home for a sufficient length of time, without much greater pecuniary sacrifice than would bring Drs. Robertson or Kerr over from Northampton, two or three times.

“I wish you both a very happy new year, and as many returns of it, as God, in His Providence, may see fit to grant. This world and all that it contains is most unsatisfactory to us all,

and the more we see of it, the more we must feel it is not our resting-place. As far as I myself am concerned, I have most of its blessings, honour, independence, affection; the love and esteem of many of the rich and intellectual among my fellow-creatures, blessings far greater than my most sanguine hopes could have expected, and yet, after all, I know not whether the pursuit of these objects did not afford more enjoyment than their fruition; a proof of the unsubstantial nature of all that is earthly. May you, then, my dear aunt, and your partner, myself and wife also, seek an inheritance incorruptible, that fadeth not away. I will try and see you, if God spares me till next summer.

“Yours, &c. &c.”

His health, respecting which apprehension is expressed in the first entry, seemed to have returned to nearly the state in which it was, previous to 1849. He had frequent attacks, but they were chiefly neuralgia, and did not present the same alarming appearances, or involve the disqualifying results, as those of the previous summer.

Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, he notes, “Passed a most fearful night, full of agony, a wretched day, worn and wearied with suffering. At home all the evening, played at chess with M. M. H.

"24th. Went to London to the banquet of the Lord Mayor, (he was now an alderman of Hastings) staid at Mr. Mildreds. A splendid entertainment at the Egyptian Hall.

"25th. Called on Sir James Clark, Drs. Golding Bird, Marshall Hall, and Tyler Smith, got home at half-past seven very tired, Dr. Henderson attended for me."

The following lines were written at this time :—

TO MY NIECE ON HER BIRTH-DAY, FEB. 4TH, 1850

"Soft flows the rapid Rhine,
By my niece's present home,
While far from kith and kin,
For a time she is called to roam.

"But though absent she is near,
For she dwells within my heart,
In fancy oft her voice I hear,
Soft words of love impart.

"What though upon her natal day,
I cannot greet her joyously,
Yet wish I every good, and pray
To God for her prosperity.

"May life and health with her abide,
And a fair meed of earthly good,
And truth, and virtue, be her guide,
Throughout life's devious road.

“ May she full many a birth-day see,
When I am dead and gone,
Serving her Saviour faithfully,
In virtue thus live on.”

“ Feb. 6th. Got up quite well, but lumbago came on, after three games of chess in the morning it passed off. A pleasant day, more hopeful. Letter from Dr. Elliotson.

“ 8th. Very much occupied, and more contented and happy in mind. O! that I could always trust in God, and not feel anxious for the future.

“ Monday, 11th. Exceedingly unwell all day. A large party here in the evening. Very tired.

“ 12th. Very much in pain all day. Mrs M. and Miss H. at the Rackhams’.

“ 13th. In great pain all day, quite worn out with it.

“ 14th. Still the pain in the shoulder, although a little relieved. Saw only five patients. Dr. Henderson seeing the rest.

“ 15th. Still in pain, but much better, able to attend to my duties. Dined at Mrs. Bridges, met Mr. Walsh of Oxford. The excitement beneficial.

“ 16th. A good deal in pain during the latter part of the day, but very much occupied.

“ Sunday, 17th. Went to church in the afternoon, drank tea with Mr. Phillips. Much peace of mind amidst all this week’s pain.

To Miss K——, with a copy of the Moral Aspects of Medical Life :—

“Feb. 30th, 1850.

“My dear Miss K——,

“I ascertained this morning accidentally, that none of you were in possession of the accompanying volume, and my conscience immediately condemned me, that I had not long ago made a present of it to some of you. Will you now do me the favour to accept it, and pardon my past remissness? And be assured that in presenting you with a volume, in which I have essayed to point out the duties and moral qualifications of a medical man, my mind is irresistibly drawn to recall, and my pen to trace, the strong feeling of admiration which I have myself experienced, in witnessing the self-denying zeal, yea, the utter abnegation of self, the constant attention, and unwearied love, of which you are so bright an example, in reference to your dear charge. It is, indeed, refreshing in this every-day selfish world, to see such devotedness, and it has often stimulated me more earnestly, to desire to benefit the dear patient. Although I have not as yet met with the success which I could have desired, I still firmly believe, and I think the improved general health of my patient warrants the belief, that our efforts will eventually be crowned with complete success. If one may be allowed

to look forward through a long vista of years, my fancy would picture a woman healthy and strong, tending the waning strength of one, whose enfeebled powers tell that the last change of mortality is about to take place, with all the affection of a daughter, to a more than mother. And that both these may be thus knit together by the closest bonds of affection, pointing out to each other, and longing for a brighter and better state of existence, where partings are no more, and suffering never comes, is the sincere wish of

“&c. &c. &c.”

The qualifications of a good nurse, which in this lady had often called forth Dr Mackness's commendations, are indeed of great value, and should be the subject of careful cultivation. For it is by no means enough to have good intentions. Many really kind people err from obtuseness of perception, want of insight into the human mind, in general, and still more into individual peculiarities. Dr. Hooker, in his “Physician and Patient,” after observing that “there is a tact in the good and judicious nurse, which dictates just what to do, and how much, and that many of the attendants of the sick are sadly deficient in this,” goes on to relate an instance of this deficiency, which, with his comments, really deserves to be cited.

“I once heard a mother, a woman of intelligence too, dispute with her sick daughter about the number of sweetmeats eaten during the day, each maintaining her side of the question with as much zeal and pertinacity as if it were a matter of vital importance. The result was, that the patient was injuriously agitated by this rencontre about nothing, and ended it by bursting into tears; and the mother triumphed, as was her wont to do, by having the last word. And this was a fair specimen of the moral management of that patient during a long sickness. It added vastly to her nervousness, clouded a mind filled with lofty, refined, and tender sentiments, and made that chamber a scene of painful exhibition of thought and feeling, when a different management might have soothed her agitated nerves, and left the sensitive chords of her soul to respond clearly and harmoniously to the gentle touch of friendship and love.”

The author of the “Friends in Council,” in his clever Essay on the “Art of Living with Others,” warns persons against attempting to settle every matter in domestic life by right reason; and certainly if logic is ever misplaced, it is so when used to press to the utmost some advantage against a weak and suffering invalid.

Again: some persons about the sick have a teasing habit, one which Dr. Mackness often used to condemn, of trying to account for every little

ailment and symptom, and generally so as to bring in the patient guilty of some imprudence. The causes they assign are often wide of the mark, and even if correct, the time chosen for their too introduction is generally irritating.

Another fault is too great self-will and positiveness about details. "Such a one," I have sometimes heard Dr. Mackness say, "is a clever good nurse, but she is too much bent upon having every thing done in the best possible way, and does not sufficiently consult the feelings of the patient."

The Institution for Training Nurses was cordially welcomed by Dr. Mackness. He had long seen that a measure of mental cultivation was needed to form a judicious nurse ; that a coarse-minded and ignorant person is not fitted for an office of such peculiar delicacy. He had known in some instances, and indeed in his own house, admirable nurses amongst domestic servants, but these were persons above the average in natural gifts of mind and feeling, exceptions not rules, and even in such cases there cannot exist the knowledge and experience sought to be communicated by the Training Institution. Of one of the persons sent from that establishment, who was employed about a patient of his, he said, that she was as good as a medical assistant.

"Feb. 18th. Very busy all day. Mr. Creasy,

the inspector from the Board of Health, and Mr. Gant, and Dr. Fehler dined with us."

The progress of the cholera in the preceding autumn had aroused Dr. Mackness, in common with many others, to the sanitary condition of the town of Hastings; and he took a lively interest in all the measures which were set on foot towards procuring an effectual system of drainage and ventilation.

"21st. A fine day. Very busy with Miss Macready.

"23rd. Got up with severe neuralgia, and suffered very much all day, so as scarcely to be able to attend my patients.

"Sunday 24th. Much better to day. Enjoyed the rest of the Sabbath. Miss Macready died in the evening.

"Sunday, March 3rd. A quiet comfortable day, as far as outward circumstances were concerned. If the heart were but as satisfied with itself!

"Friday 8th. Very busy. Town Council in the morning. Mr. Gant, Mr. Collin, and Mr. Young, drank tea here."

They met on this occasion for the purpose of talking over the plan of erecting a model lodging house for working men at Hastings, a project which Dr. Mackness was greatly desirous of carrying into effect.

"Sunday, March 10th. A glorious day, bright

and beautiful as to weather. If the mind could only be as quiet and bright as the day, but when the desires after perfection and the actions do not correspond, there is no peace.

“18th. Very busy all day. Went in the evening to the meeting to encourage the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations.”

To this Exhibition he looked forward with great pleasure; his mechanical taste, and fondness for art, rendering it peculiarly interesting to him, whilst every thing that appeared likely to promote peace, unity, and the general diffusion of comfort, was congenial to his benevolent heart. He talked of taking a season ticket, and running up to London whenever he had a spare day.

“Easter Sunday, March 31st. My birthday, but very busy all day. Presents from Mrs. B., M. A. S., Miss W., &c.”

One of these birth-day presents was “Gilbert’s Modern Atlas,” which he acknowledged in the following lines.

“The vast material world and all its parts
Are pictured here, its seas and oceans wide,
Its mountains and its vallies tilled or wild,
Its mighty rivers and its crystal lakes,
Its darkened forests and extended plains,
Where millions upon millions have lived on
For ages, and have slept the sleep of death;
Where millions more will live, and feel, and breathe,
And pass existence like some summer’s cloud,

All brilliancy or gloom as it reflects,
Or darkens the day's bright luminary.
Thus joy and sorrow mingled have made up,
The sum of human life from its first dawn;
But this mortality must cease—this earth,
Like to a stranded ship, crazy and riven,
By warring tempests, will at length become
A wreck to those who prided in her strength,
And in one mighty ruin blasted be;
Its lovely plains, its incense-breathing words,
Its snowy mountains, adamantine rocks,
Become one scene of fearful devastation.
But in this awful crash, the soul of man,
Its warm affections and its cherished hopes,
Far brighter, and far better things of heaven,
Will still remain unchanged, imperishable.
Each thought of love, or act of present kindness,
Is but a link in that long chain, whose stretch
Extends throughout the space of all eternity,
And binds all spiritual beings into one.

“ March 31st, 1850.”

“ April 1st. The day on which the Lord Mayor visited Hastings; grand procession and dinner, the latter not over till past twelve P. M. A very bad cold.

“ 11th. A wretched bad night, from neuralgia and cold; did not get up till ten, and got through my duties with difficulty.

“ May 1st. Went to Battle to an operation. Large party at home in the evening; very much worn and fatigued.

“ 3rd. Town Council. Mr. Gooch died.”

“ 7th May, 1850.

“ My dear M——,

“ I enclose you two letters which have been sent to you. One of them I opened, as it was directed to you *or* Mrs. Mackness. I hope you are quite well. I am happy to say I am so, and not quite so much overworked as I was a short time ago. We are now quite alone, as Mr. Whitworth left this morning. I think I told you in my last, that Mr. Sladen was staying in the town; he will, I believe, be here all the summer, so that you will have the pleasure of seeing him on your return. Pray present my kindest regards to your cousin and Mrs. Lomax. Twelve months this day, we set off for Germany! I am better in health than I was then.

“ Believe me, &c.”

“ 9th. Showery day. Mr. Gooch buried at Brede.

“ 20th. Whit-monday. Rather busy. A beautiful fine day; walked about the town visiting patients, drove in the afternoon.

“ 31st. Went to Eastbourne to see Miss Warburton. Dr. Field of Torquay here.

“ June 6th. Sir James Clark down, saw M. A. S.

“ 8th. Not many poor patients, nor very busy in other respects. S. W. drank tea with me here alone. Much peace of mind.

"15th. Went to Brede and fetched Mrs. Mackness.

"Sunday, 16th. A peaceful comfortable day after a fearfully painful night. Went to church in the afternoon.

"19th. Went to Eastbourne and Brighton; spent a very pleasant day. Slept at the Bedford. Medical meeting at Brighton.

"20th. Returned from Brighton. Horticultural Show in the Square. Boys came.*

"21st. Went to Battle to the christening of John Underwood's child; lunched at Vine-Hall.

"22nd. Not at all busy. Rode on horseback with Mrs. Mackness and H. Foot. Evening party at Miss Woodham's.

"July 2nd. Had a good deal of time for reading to-day, a very even day, and might be called perfectly happy.

"6th. Very busy. Set off for Wandsworth, arrived at nine.

"8th. Returned home by ten. Went to St. Thomas's Hospital to see Solly.

"10th. Went to a meeting on the Health of Towns Bill in the morning, and to the Council in the afternoon. Busy in the morning; tired and worn.

"12th. Attended a Committee on the Health of Towns Bill.

* His two nephews.

“13th. Many poor people in the morning ; rather busy. Delightful ride of two hours in the evening to Fairlight Place. Sat an hour with Drs. Bennett and Jeaffreson.

“Sunday, 14th. A lovely day. Went to Fairlight Place and St. Leonards ; to church in the afternoon.

“15th. Mr. Caldecott came. Mr. Sladen here in the evening.

“18th. Mr. Caldecott left, and George went with him.

“August 5th. Set off at eight with Miss Howard and Miss Marples, (parted with them at Blisworth,) arrived at Northampton at half past three. Went about the town, and dined at Dr. Robertson’s at half-past six.

“6th. Dr. and Mrs. Robertson, Sir Charles Hastings, and his daughter, and I, set off for Hull, arrived at 6.30. Dined at the Vittoria Hotel ; went to a meeting of the Council at the Infirmary.

“7th. Breakfasted, and went to the meeting of the Council, afterwards to the Public Meeting. Dined at Dr. Horner’s. Consultations in the evening.

“8th. Public breakfast. Visited the Baths and Wash-houses, Cemetery, Zoological Gardens, Charterhouse for the support of elderly persons. Public meeting, afterwards public dinner.

“Hull, August 7th.

“My dear M——,

“Here I am, safely lodged at the Vittoria Hotel, after a very pleasant journey to this place with Dr. and Mrs. Robertson, Sir Charles, and Miss Hastings. I am going to dine with the President to-day, Dr. Horner. Our next meeting is to take place at Brighton, and I am appointed to read a paper on the Medical Topography of the district. I hope you arrived safely at your journey's end, and that you have, ere this, got over your fatigue. You have been most kindly enquired after by all who know you, and I hope you will take great care of yourself for your friends' sake. As far as I have yet seen of Hull, I like it very much; the mouth of the river on which it stands is very fine, and the hotel at which I am staying is on the quay, where steamboats are coming in from the other side (three miles across) every half hour, this forming a very lively scene.

“Will you remember me most kindly to Mr. Hunter, and say how sorry I am that I cannot come round to Manchester, but in two years' time, if we all live so long, our Association will meet there, when I hope to be present. I write this in great haste, but believe me to remain,

“My dear M——,

“Yours affectionately.”

“9th. Set off at six A.M. for Peterborough : went over the Cathedral, met in the railway carriage Dr. Walker ; went to his house. Arrived at Wellingborough at five P. M.

“Wellingborough, Friday.

“My dear M——,

“As I passed by Sibsey on Tuesday, the bells were ringing a merry peal, and this day, as I came back, your cousin got into the next carriage to me. I had a chat of two or three minutes with him ; he was with his brother, and they had been down to receive their rents. I hope you will enjoy yourself among the factories. I met with much kindness at Hull, and was very much pleased with my visit. I could say much more, but have no time.

“Believe me, &c. &c.”

“Wellingborough, Friday.

“My dear Mrs. B——,

“I most sincerely hope that you have been better since I last saw you, freer from pain, and able to enjoy yourself. I have just heard from Mrs. M——, and I find that you have paid a visit to Brighton, that prince of watering places. I trust the change has been of service. I do not intend coming home until the beginning of next week, for I am now in my native place, and the

scenes and reminiscences of my childhood and youth make me live over the spring-tide of life again. Besides which, the remains of my parents are deposited here, and I am just going to visit the spot where my beloved mother's remains lie. Last time I was here, how bright and cheerful was the smile with which she greeted me, and now those features are no longer capable of portraying the loving heart, those eyes no longer beam with affection and tenderness. But yet I feel and know her blessed spirit has now even a more perfect enjoyment than when her whole soul was absorbed in its earthly affections. Oh, blessed is that hope which reaches beyond the grave!

"Pray pardon my digression about one whose memory is embalmed in my own mind, and with kindest regards,

"Believe me,

"&c., &c."

"10th. Set off at eight A.M. for Chillington with aunt and uncle James. Lunched at Chillington, and went to Turvey and Bedford. Arrived at Wandsworth at eleven P.M.

"11th. Set off down the river to Blackheath. Saw Mrs. Beach, (a patient who was very ill,) Mrs. Spence, and got back to Wandsworth at seven.

"12th. Arrived in town at eleven. Went to

the Polytechnic, and to see the Overland Mail ; called on Mr. Mildred, Mr. Solly, &c., and came down by the express train. Found Dr. Chase here.

“15th. Reading in my study all the morning, and writing all the evening. A very industrious day.

“16th. Busy all the morning, went about three to Beckley, dined there, and met Mr. and Mrs. Solly, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Dyer.

“17th. Slept at Beckley. — operated on for lithotomy ; Mr. Adams came home with me.

“18th. Went to the morning Sacrament, to church in the afternoon.

“19th. Mr. Solly came this morning.

“21st. A wretched wet day. Poor Cobweb * lost. Mr. Solly came down in the evening.

“22nd. Went to Winchelsea with Mr. and Mrs. Solly. Sketched, and walked about all day ; drank tea at Mrs. Woodham’s.”

This sketching was a pursuit which he caught from Mr. Solly, and took up with great zest. He was very fond of drawing, and in times of greater leisure had tried various styles, but chiefly from copies, and the drawing from nature was a new treat to him.

“24th. Went to Hurstmonceaux and Pevensey, very tired, and as we came back, neuralgia. Found Dr. Sibson here.”

* A favourite Skye terrier.

“Hastings, Aug. 27th.

“My dear M——,

“This letter will, I hope, reach you on your return from Ambleside. All is going on well at home. Mrs. Solly and her son are still with us, and yesterday Mr. John Becke and his niece came from Tunbridge Wells. In a fortnight's time I expect that Dr. Golding Bird and his wife, with some of his children, will pay us a visit, so we are pretty well occupied with the prospect of guests. On Wednesday last we went to Winchelsea, on Saturday to Hurstmonceux and Pevensey; on Saturday night Dr. Sibson came down and staid with us till Monday. Dr. Sibson is the gentleman who proposed the topographical paper, and he came to talk over the best means of managing the matter. I am glad to say I am myself very well in health, not overmuch occupied in my profession.

“Pray give my kindest regards to the Hunters, and believe me, &c.”

“29th. Went to-day to the opening of the new church at Rye Harbour.

“Sept. 3rd. A most glorious day. A pic-nic to Crowhurst—Sollys, &c. Full of enjoyment, but a little marred by pain in the side.”

“Sept 4th.

“My dear M——,

“I was really glad to hear from you, and de-

lighted that you had enjoyed yourself so much, (at Fox How.) The Birds are not coming. I am quite well, but very busy, hence I send you such a scrawl. Mr. Smyth of Alfreton has brought you a German book. Take care of yourself, and believe me, &c.

“P.S. Cobweb is found long ago. We had a glorious pic-nic yesterday at Crowhurst. The Pooles, Lanes, Sollys, and Beckes.”

This was indeed quite a holiday time with him, with more of leisure than in the full winter season, and with the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Solly, and other friends to make that leisure enjoyable. He delighted, indeed, to have his house full of guests, especially when he was able to spend a little time in showing them the many pretty spots in the neighbourhood. His love of nature was ardent and genuine. It was to him a constant source of enjoyment, and, as I fully believe, the source of humble and devout feeling.* Yet was he quite alive to the superiority of moral over natural beauty. I remember his coming into the study one day when I was writ-

* “He who has a keen sensibility to the beauty of nature, is not forthwith to be called a religious man, yet he has a temperament in which true religion may be happily superinduced with more substance and grandeur of devotion, than is to be found where *only* the moral sentiments are in any active life.”—*F. Newman*.

ing, and laying down on the table a volume of the life of Arnold, in which he draws a comparison between the finest scenes of nature, and the meekness and piety of an old woman in one of the alms-houses at Rugby ;* “There,” he said, “that is beautiful ! try if you cannot introduce that passage into your work,—that is worth quoting.”

“Sept. 21st. Miss. H—— returned in good health and spirits. Much peace of mind and comfort.

“22nd. A peaceful and happy day. Went to church in the afternoon. Very tired at night. Drank tea with Mrs. B——.

“24th. Sat for my picture to Herr Schich. M. A. S.’s birthday ; gave her the Christian year.”

This gift was accompanied by the following verses.

“So much of beauty on earth is found,
So much of goodness in all around,
The azure sky, the crystal light,
The hues of the flowers, so wondrous bright :
Oh ! let our thoughts pure and holy be,
Like the bright and the beautiful things we see.

Look at the dew-drops, grey morning’s tears,
They sparkle and shine as the sunshine clears,
Like infant griefs they vanish away,
When the sun’s soft smiles upon them play ;
Oh ! let then our thoughts pure and holy be,
Like the bright and the beautiful things we see.

* “Arnold’s Life and Correspondence,” p. 700, Ed. 6.

In the crimson tinge which at evening glows
On the fleecy clouds, in the day's repose,
In the silvery stars of the midnight sky,
See the spirit of beauty breathing nigh;
He says, Let your thoughts pure and holy be,
Like the bright and the beautiful things you see."

SEPT. 24th, 1850.

"26th. Pain in the back great part of the day.
Sat to Mr. Schick."

I went with him on this occasion to relieve the tedium of the sitting by reading aloud. He was very unwell, but, as usual, strove to master any expression of pain. The quick eye of the gifted young German artist soon detected the effort, and he said, "You are suffering." I read something comic to divert his mind, but this made him laugh so much that I was obliged to change the theme, and I began the beautiful tale of "Libbie Marsh."* I had proceeded as far as the exquisite description of Libbie's gift of the canary to the crippled boy, when Mr. Schick cried out, "Oh, this will not do at all, your reading is *too goot, too goot*; I can never draw the face if you go on so,"—and indeed Dr. Mackness's countenance attested but too plainly his sympathy with the story. It was this portrait from which the admirable engraving was made.

* "Libbie Marsh's Three Eras," by the author of "Mary Barton."

With all the disadvantages of the sitting, it proved a faithful likeness.

“9TH OCTOBER. EVENING.”

“Look at yon beauteous sky—in splendour bright
A flood of crimson gilds its wide expanse,
And changing even as the sun departs,
It seems one field of ever varying glory :
But in the distance see a narrow land
That keeps its azure hue. The golden light
Of closing eve has left it still unchanged,
Or rather say these rich and mellowed tints
Have given a verdure to the liquid sky,
Just as exuberant fancy with the crowd,
Of common thoughts commingling, sometimes yields,
The bright and varied treasures of the mind,
Which flow from poets’ brains, and give dull things
Of earth, celestial form and beauty.”

These lines, suggested by one of the fine autumn sunsets so peculiarly lovely at Hastings, were, as far as I know, the last verses he ever penned.

“Oct. 10th. The Hunters came. Went out on the hill with them. Went to the Building Society at night.

“12th. A very busy day. Went to Bexhill, feeling pretty well, but mentally dissatisfied.”

“Hastings, Oct. 13th, 1850.

“With a present of Körner’s Poems, in which the lines on sunset were written.

“My dear Mrs. B——,

“Will you do me the favour to accept, on this

your birth-day, the accompanying volumes, as a slight mark of my friendship. You were induced to study German at my suggestion, and therefore, you must allow me to introduce you to one of the sweetest of the German poets. I have ventured to write your name in the volumes, with the date of the day on which they were presented. I have done so, because I hope that in some far off future period, your mind will call back to remembrance, not only the time when your body was suffering from disease, and your heart lacerated by sorrow, but also the earnest solicitude of your physician to see you healthful, hopeful, and happy. It is pleasing at all times, to anticipate living in the remembrance of those in whom you have felt deeply interested, but it is even more pleasant to think that such remembrance will be associated with what is most beautiful and solacing.

“I will not offer the usual compliments of birth-days. I have taken too much interest in your welfare, not to feel them. Let my anxiety to see you well and happy, be the test of my feelings. With every sentiment of respect and esteem,

“Believe me to remain,
“&c. &c. &c.”

Dr. Mackness was a careful observer of the influence of mind on the health. When he saw

an invalid listless, depressed, or fain to brood over past trials and present anxieties, he would, gently, and without any appearance of offensive dictation, try to insinuate some new and interesting pursuit, proportioned to the strength of the sufferer. One he would beguile to the study of natural objects, particularly of *sea-weeds*, and other marine productions, as being suited to the place; another he would induce to learn drawing, a third German, and so on, adapting his suggestions to the tastes of the individuals. Nor were these mere suggestions or authoritative prescriptions, for he would enter so warmly into the pursuits themselves, that he drew others after him, by the pleasure of sympathy, and the medical visit would be sweetened with agreeable and instructive conversation. With children he was ever a great favourite, he had almost infinite contrivances to amuse and gratify his younger patients, and seldom did he fail to win their affections, and guide them as he wished.

“18th. A sort of idle day, did not get through business well. Read some German with Mrs. B. Prepared paper for map”

This map was a geologically coloured map of Sussex, with all the Unions marked out. It was intended to work upon in his Topographical Essay, for which he had now begun to collect materials—never alas! to be used.

“19th. Much engaged with poor Mrs. ———, but little hopes now of her gaining strength.

"21st. How dissatisfied with himself is the thoughtful man! He loves light, but goes into darkness! What a war between his actions and desires! St. Paul says, 'There is a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, &c.'

"22nd. Poor Mrs. ———, is a great source of anxiety to me, I fear she will sink, much to my grief. What would I not give to relieve her!

"Sunday, Nov. 3rd. Who can ever know how the not living according to the love of God, produces the most intense misery, when all around is calculated for happiness!"

About this time his diary expresses many alternations of spiritual peace and disquietude. He used, also, when he returned at night, after his evening visits, to seem unusually anxious to be left alone, and would sometimes sit up after the family had retired. The journal shows that these were seasons of prayer and self-recollection. Many of his remarks at this time seem to have sprung from a peculiar sensitiveness of conscience. "Why do you tell me these things," he said one day, when I had repeated to him something that had been said to his disadvantage, "They do me harm. I wish to live in love and peace with all my fellow-creatures. Let us only do right, and hope for the blessings of God, and not think about what others say of us." Another time he said, "I see so much sin in

myself, so much that is wrong, that I cannot be severe upon others." "And yet," I said, "any one would say that few persons could have less to reproach themselves with, in their daily life, than you have." "Oh! you are partial," he replied, "besides, you see only the outward actions, it is the heart, every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

"9th. Blessed be God for his mercy, another peaceful day. Election of Mayor and Aldermen. Again chosen for six years. May I be an ornament to the town. God only can keep me—God grant it.

"11th. A happy day, but many engagements. Mrs. Mackness went to London. The Mayor's dinner. Thank God for his manifold mercies to me."

TO DR. MOORE.

"Hastings, Nov. 11th.

"My dear Moore,

"I begin my letter without knowing what to say. I feel myself incompetent to the task of comforting you, under your present bereavements, for everything I could say, to reconcile you to the dispensations of Him, who cannot err in any of His ways, must under your present trial, so often and in so many ways, have recurred to your own mind, that to repeat it, would

fail to afford you solace in your present distress. I will only say this—May our merciful and gracious Father richly bestow upon you that consolation which He gives to His beloved. God has indeed chastened you, my dear friend, and we are told that whom He loveth He chasteneth. He has, indeed, touched you in a tender part; the wife of your bosom, the mother of your children, she who watched and arranged for your ease and comfort—even she has passed away, and the place which knew her, shall know her no more. This is indeed a mystery, in the dispensations of Providence, that you with your feeble health, your large family, should be bereft—so much more worthy as you are to possess outward prosperity than I am, and yet God spares me and mine, unworthy though I be. Alas! our finite minds cannot comprehend these events, we can only bow in ignorance and say, ‘The Lord’s will be done.’ These mysterious dispensations tend to make us dissatisfied with this uncertain life, and I trust, teach us to look forward to a better and brighter world. May you and I, my dear friend, reach that happy shore, when our darkness and doubt will be changed to clearness of vision, so that all which is now inexplicable, will become bright.

“If you will try a little change, I shall be truly glad to see you at Hastings. I am just now all alone, except Miss Howard, and shall be for

the next month, and if you will come and see me, and do not wish to come into the sitting-room, I will assign you two rooms, and you shall do exactly as you please.

“ Believe me, my dear Moore,

“ Your sympathising,

“ And sincere friend.

“ &c., &c.”

To a friend, with a copy of “ Liebe zu Gott,” the German edition of John Joseph Gurney’s Treatise, on Love to God :—

“ Friday Evening.

“ My beloved Friend,

“ I send you a little book for Sunday reading, and beg your acceptance of it. It was given to me by one who has entered into her rest, who found on earth love to God, the first need of man, and who has now found love to God, the chiefest enjoyment in His eternal presence. I send it to you, because I think you may make use of it. I shall never read it, therefore you will not deprive me of it.

“ Believe me, &c.”

Though he, at the time, thought he should never find leisure to read this little book, he did afterwards read much of it, with the friend to whom he gave it, and expressed his great admiration of it.

“12th. Blessed be God for another peaceful day, without inward reproach. Very much occupied, and tired. At home in the evening.

“13th. Spent the evening at St. Leonards, at Mrs. Geldart’s.

“14th. Peace, peace—blessed be God’s holy name. Very busy, but had a pleasant evening at home. Letter from Dr. Moore.

“Sunday 17th. Very well, and very peaceful. Determined—God strengthening me—to keep his law.

“19th. A very wet day. Dined at Mr. Bowman’s.

“20th. Another wet miserable day. Very dissatisfied with self. May I begin afresh to serve God.

“21st. Not very busy—at home in the morning.” (He was then much engaged with the map and with the statistics of the different districts.) “Poor Hobson died. How mysterious are thy ways, O God!

“26th. Wet all day. Mr. Dyer made his arrangements to come to Hastings.” (This was to take the practice of the late Mr. Hobson.)

“27th. Very busy all the morning. Went to London to dine with Mr. Solly; met Drs. Conolly, Forbes, Addison, Peacock, Bennet, and Messrs. Ferguson, Toulmin, Martin, and Smith.

“28th. Walked about London in the morning with Mrs. Mackness. Came down by the two

o'clock train. Fred. Wallis at home. Saw patients.

"29th. Lovely day. Very busy—consultation with Messrs. Ranking and Gabb. Sat up late with the microscope. How many blessings, and how little thankful!"

This microscope he had brought from town the evening before. He had long wished for one sufficiently powerful to be available for medical investigations, but it was not till this time that he had thought himself justified in the requisite outlay. He had now purchased one of Ross's best instruments, and hardly had any possession ever appeared to give him such unmingled gratification. From this time, till the very last week of his life, every interval of leisure which he could find, was spent either in making preparations or examining objects. Besides those purposes, purely medical, to which he applied the instrument, he was frequently examining plants, zoophytes, &c., as a matter of recreation and scientific interest. He would hang over them with intense delight, exclaiming, "Do come and look at this—it is beautiful, exquisite. Oh how wonderful are the works of God! How glorious!"

Every other recreation seemed to be forgotten in the superior attractions of this one, and yet he never lost sight of its bearing on benevolent usefulness. "If it does but enable me to relieve one

sufferer more than I otherwise should have done," was his oft repeated expression concerning it.

"Sunday, Dec. 1st. A quiet comfortable day. Mr. Dyer dined here.

"2nd. A very busy day, every minute occupied. Sat an hour with Mrs. B——, and had my tea there."

The following letter refers to a subject which has already been touched upon, when speaking of Dr. Mackness's practice amongst the poor.

TO JOHN ADAMSON, ESQ.

"Hastings, Dec. 4th.

"My dear Sir,

I thank you sincerely for your kind and candid dealing. Be assured my estimate of the worth of our profession is too high to permit me (knowingly) to do any thing that would detract from the fair remuneration of any of its members. As a matter of choice, it would be a great relief for me to get rid of gratuitous practice altogether, but this I could not do without violence to my feelings of benevolence and sense of duty. It is by no means my practice to give *indiscriminate* advice, for every prescription is labelled "*Gratuitous advice to the Poor*," a plan which I adopted expressly to mark the circumstances of the appli-

cant. It is, however, possible that some ingenious cheat has contrived to evade this plan, and to take advantage of my good-nature, without damaging his own respectability.

“If a patient who applies to me for gratuitous advice appears to be in respectable circumstances, I generally make some inquiry as to their means, and am often told in reply, that they really cannot afford to pay—owe a debt to the doctor—have been long ill—and are afraid of going further into debt, &c. What can I say in such cases? It was ever my practice, even in the early part of my medical life, when money was a great object to me, to give my services to such as I knew could not afford to pay for them. And ought I to refuse the same assistance now? Surely, my dear sir, it can be no injury to a practitioner to relieve him of patients who will only go on getting farther and farther into his debt, not merely for advice, but for medicines.

I again thank you for your manly and straightforward conduct, and as a proof that I value it, I shall take the best means I can devise to avoid being made a handle to work injury to the general practitioner, and will attentively listen to any plan you may suggest for this purpose. I must then, if censured or imposed upon, fall back upon the consciousness of my own integrity, for I cannot consent to resign what has ever been considered one of the greatest privileges of our

profession, the opportunity of doing important service to the indigent sufferer,

“With much esteem,

“Believe me, &c., &c.”

“P.S.—I may just add, that persons somewhat respectable, occasionally come to me, for gratuitous advice, and when questioned as to their means, offer me half a guinea; but this I invariably refuse, as I dislike the idea of graduated fees, and those who cannot afford a proper fee, are welcome to my advice freely. In so doing, I conceive I save the interest of the general practitioner, as many would pay a small sum sooner than incur the stigma of eleemosynary attentions.”

“3rd. The lady at No. 23 died of typhus.

“4th. The poor lady next door, (Miss Helps,) buried.”

Typhus fever was at this time very prevalent and fatal at Hastings, and death indeed seemed all around us; but Dr. Mackness, notwithstanding the constant demands on his strength, and his exposure to contagion, was at this time remarkably well in health.

“5th. Not very busy. Mrs. B. came to look at the microscope, and had tea during our dinner.

“6th. A damp foggy day, not very much to do; played two or three games of chess with Miss H—— in the evening.

"7th. A lovely beautiful day. Many poor patients. Mrs. Mackness returned home.

"Sunday 8th. A beautiful day. Went to church in the afternoon. A comfortable day.

"9th. Very fine, but not bright. Very busy indeed ; worn and wearied out."

On the 13th and 14th the Doctor was very poorly, and scarcely able to get off the sofa ; the attack, however, went off in two or three days.

"Dec. 16th. Cutting glasses for the microscope making in the evening."

Southey recommends a friend always to let the last occupation of the day be something quite different from its ordinary labour. It was not often that Dr. Mackness was able to make this disposition of his time, but whenever he could he always found it of great benefit. A game or two of chess, for instance, would, he said, discharge his mind of the anxieties about patients, which were otherwise apt to follow him to his pillow.

"20th. Suffering dreadfully ; could only see three patients."

This attack was much more severe than the foregoing one ; so much so, that though we had friends to dinner, the Doctor was obliged to go to bed. The next day, however, he was happily better, and able to go out, though very weak.

"24th. Very busy all day ; trying by all means to get little to do on Christmas Day.

"25th. A very fine nice Christmas Day ; went to Church in the morning.

"27th. George came.

"29th. A nice quiet day. Went to church in the afternoon. Sat at home in the evening and read."

I shall conclude the narrative of this year's doings, with some notes written by Dr. Mackness, in a little book called "Family Maxims," by Hannah Kilham.

"What is the first thing necessary for a good master, mistress, or servant ?

"Love.

"What is the second ?

"Love.

"What is the third ?

"Love.

"For love is kind and charitable, thinketh no evil, is not angry, nor provoketh to anger.

"Be charitable to the failings and even caprices of others, when there is nothing morally wrong in them, and daily study the difference between the wrong intention and the erroneous judgment.

"Soft and gentle language is more likely to ensure obedience than its opposite."

Few ever more completely acted on these maxims than did the writer of them, and few were more truly loved and cheerfully served than he was.

As my task draws nearer to its conclusion, it becomes naturally more painful.

“The sounds that round me rise,
Are what none other hears,
I see what meets no other eyes,
Though mine are dim with tears.”

These, with more to the same effect, are the words of Southey's son and biographer in commencing the last part of his father's life. I may well adopt them as mine in commencing the sad year, 1851.

I remember Dr. Mackness, when beginning his new visiting book for the year, turning back to the entry in the old one for the 1st of January, and saying, “How God is often better to us than our fears! I see here I have written, ‘I begin this year hopeful on every subject but one, that is health.’” In conformity with this feeling of grateful surprise, was his first entry for 1851.

“Jan 1st. Thank God for his mercies. This day last year, my only fear was physical health, yet I am alive and well. I begin this year also hopeful on every subject but moral health. God keep me and preserve me!

“2nd. Another day's comfort and peace; enabled to feel happy, contented, and grateful to God for his mercies, which I feel to be manifold, and which I am anxious to acknowledge by following his law.

"4th. Occupied with the microscope and chemical tests till twelve o'clock. A quiet day, both mentally and bodily.

"Sunday 5th. A beautiful day. Went to church with Maria. Met Dr. Cape at Mrs. Mildred's. Came home to tea. How many blessings are bestowed upon me, unworthy me! Married 21 years this day.

"6th. Busy in the morning examining tumour by the microscope. Dined and drank tea alone. Mrs. Mackness and George at the Shaddock's. Miss Howard at the Mutual Information Society.

"7th. Busy with the microscope, and in the middle of the day Mr. Tumanoviez brought in a plant to examine. A pleasant, but not much professionally occupied day.

"8th. A very busy day with patients. Mrs. Mackness and George at Miss Woodhams'."

I remember that this evening I being left at home, and very poorly and listless, was lying on the sofa doing nothing, and Dr. Mackness making some preparations of objects for the microscope. Something led us to speak of his early difficulties at Hastings, and from this he went back through the whole of his early life, in the course of which review he related many circumstances that I had never before heard. How little did I then think of the great importance they would soon assume!

"9th. Not a very busy day. Mrs. Coombs and

her daughter, and Mrs. and Miss Davis lunched here. Mr. Caldecott came.

“10th. A wretched wet day. I very busy and worn. Mr. Wyndham Bradley dined with us to meet Mr. Caldecott, and Mr. and Mrs. Granville Bradley and Miss Bradley drank tea with us. I very worn and tired.

“11th. A very wearisome day. A good many poor patients in the morning; many to see out of doors. Miss Caldecott sent me some wine. Every day brings something to prove how much I am valued, and how little I deserve it.

“Sunday 12th. Languid. Sat at home rather late. Did not see many persons. Went to church in the afternoon. Sat at home after tea.”

A friend took tea with us on this evening. The conversation turned on *wishes*, when Dr. Mackness said, “I have not a wish in this world ungratified, except—to be more free from sin.”

“13th. A very busy day with patients; many poor in the morning; in the evening letters to write.”

TO. DR. GREENHILL.

“Hastings, Jan. 13th.

“My dear Sir,

“My eldest nephew, of whom you have heard me speak, is a clever boy, and well up in his reading. He is now at Bedford School, and is the fourth boy in the school, eligible for an exhi-

bition, and within a year and a half of this time there will be exhibitions granted. . . . It now becomes a matter requiring attention, to get his name placed in some college at Oxford, as I understand it is difficult to get into a good college without taking this step. He is staying with me during the holidays, and is reading with an Oxford man, Mr. Wyndham Bradley, (brother to Mr. Granville Bradley, of Rugby,) and I have consulted with Mr. G. Bradley on the subject. He has recommended that an application be made to University College he however said, that Baliol was the best and cheapest, but that there would be no chance of getting his name placed there for him to go up in a year and a-half from this time, as the applications are so numerous. Now I can say to you that expence is of great importance in this case. His father cannot help him in the least—hence all the expence must be born by me. I have entirely taken his sister, and sent her to school, and I also think of sending his brother to school,* so that the burden upon me will be great. It is true that I am doing well in my profession, but my health is very precarious, and may fail as it has failed before. I should therefore feel greatly obliged if you will advise me on this subject. I should like him to have all the advantage he can have, provided those advantages do not involve

* At Neuwied—for the sake of foreign languages.

such an expence as I am not able to afford. I would not have the boy, who is most industrious, amiable, and willing, placed in circumstances adverse to his getting on in life, for the sake of a hundred pounds or more. Think the matter over, and give me your opinion. I fear there are no scholarships he could obtain very easily, as he was born in Northamptonshire, which I am told is not a very good county for Oxford.

“Believe me to remain,

“&c., &c.”

“14th. A thoroughly occupied day, every moment engaged. Went to Lady Waldegrave’s party in the evening, left in half an hour, and went to see my patients.

“15th. Not very much occupied to-day. Mr. Dyer elected to the Dispensary. Got home in good time, and attended to accounts.

“16th. Rather busy. The working party at our house. Drank tea at Mrs. Bridges’.

“18th. Very much occupied all day long. Very many morning patients, and consultation with Mr. Norwood. Did not get home till past six. Spent the evening cutting glasses for the microscope.

“21st. A wretched rainy day. Meeting of Council at Town Hall on the Health of Towns’ Bill. Fine afternoon; very busy; letters to write; tired.

"22nd. Occupied in the morning with the microscope ; busy all day long, but with much comfort. Had to go to Fairlight Place in the evening.

"23rd. Up early this morning, and went out to make calls at half-past nine, and yet had great difficulty to get through ; a committee meeting at the Town Hall at three P.M.

"24th. Town Hall meeting to-day on Health of Towns' Bill. A day of much peace and comfort. At home in the evening with Maria alone, Miss Howard and George at the Bradley's.

"25th. This has been, upon the whole, a most happy week. I have been much occupied, but things have gone on harmoniously. Upon a retrospect of the past, I have also much cause for thankfulness to God for His preserving care and encouragement to persevere. May He hear and answer my prayers and supplications.

"Sunday, 29th. A very cold day, but a most pleasant one. Went to see my patients in the morning, and to church in the afternoon."

I recollect on this evening, that something in the afternoon's sermon led to conversation at tea on the structure of the earth and the fossil world, and Dr. Mackness talked for a long time with his nephew, explaining to him the modern discoveries in Geology, and the mode of reconciling them with Scripture. From this we went to the piano, and George and I sang many of

Dr. M's favourite hymns, especially one of which he was exceedingly fond, "The spacious firmament on high"—sung to the tune of "Creation."

"27th. The first part of last night, suffering from neuralgia. Up early, and went about my duties with a happy spirit. Somewhat tired, and worn out, and a little pain in the evening, but peaceful and happy.

"28th. Pretty well, but a sad cough. Miss Caldecott came. How many blessings do I daily receive. Oh! that I could be more pure and sinless.

"29th. A very bad cold, with headache, making me go about my duties with weariness. Evening party at Mr. Savary's. I left early."

He seemed extremely unwell when he returned, and said he felt in the room as if he should have had a fit.

"30th. My cold better. I passed a very bad night, much depressed.

"31st. A wet day; not much occupied; at home in the evening, writing letters till late.

"Feb. 1st. A most busy day; occupied and surrounded with all that can bless life, and make it happy. All without is bright, it is the internal man, the mental strife that lessens the perfection of happiness. The review of the past week is not so pleasant as the previous. What a yearning there is in the soul for what is high!"

——— One short week—and—as we humbly trust, those yearnings were fully satisfied.

On this last Saturday evening he was, for the last time, occupied with his microscope, and while he sat cutting glasses, or preparing objects, I read aloud to him Mr. Robertson's First Address to the Working Men of Brighton. He was exceedingly pleased with it; "Read it slowly," he said to me, "that I may have time to take in the full meaning;" and every now and then, as I proceeded, he exclaimed, "How beautiful—how true—how very beautiful, read that again," &c; every sentence seemed to meet his sympathies.

The next day, Feb. 4th,—*his last Sunday*, found him in a very happy state of mind. When he came down to breakfast, (he was rather late, not being very well,) he said to Mrs. Mackness and Miss Caldecott, (the friend who was staying with us,) that he had had such happy thoughts whilst he was dressing. He had been thinking of a German hymn he had been reading, and of its description of the invisible, yet ever-present God,—"*Der Allgegenwartiger Verborgener.*"—The hymn he spoke of was a devotional poem of Zschokke's, which he had just met with. He was exceedingly fond of devotional poetry. When I first knew him, there was a Russian hymn * which he so constantly quoted, that it seemed almost like a part of his mind, and this hymn of Zschokke's—which, however, I believe he had not read through—seemed to strike him greatly.

* "On God." Dr. Bowrings "*Specimens of Russian Poets.*"

He referred to it again in the evening, and said to me, "It is very fine, you must look at it." One line particularly pleased him in reference to his microscopic studies,—

‘In Essigs tropfen die bewohnte Meer.’

(An inhabited ocean in a drop of vinegar.)

He did not go to church in the morning, as, besides not being very well, he was waiting to see Dr. Addison. I was not out that morning, and we were some time together alone. He sat reading the *Life of Albert Haller* (in French) with very great attention. The part I afterwards found he had been reading, was the account of Haller's feelings in the view of death. He said to me, "How very encouraging it is, to find that a holy and devout man like Haller had the same infirmities, the same trials as oneself!" I was reading also, and I tried to draw his attention to some view of baptism, presented in the work with which I was occupied. He remarked, "The more I hear of the controversies of the present day, the more inclined I feel to revert to the simple views of my earlier years—faith in Christ, and trust in the mercy of God." Certainly, I said, faith in the blood of Christ, is the one great thing. "Yes," he replied, "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. The longer I live, the more I feel, that the great thing in life is to serve God."

He was then called away, and I felt glad to

have had a little quiet conversation with him, a thing which but rarely occurred. Had I known it would be the last, on such a subject, how should I have sought to prolong it !

In the afternoon, he and I alone of the family went to church. Mr. Vores preached on that passage in Hebrews, "Ye are come — to the spirits of the just made perfect." The object of the preacher was to prove the separate existence, and blessedness of the spirits of the righteous dead. I looked round once, and saw Dr. Mackness's expressive face, directed to the speaker in deep attention. In the evening, whilst sitting in the drawing-room with Miss Caldecott, the servant came in to draw down the blinds. The sun was just setting, and Dr. Mackness exclaimed, "Leave the blinds, Jane, let me see that glorious sunset," and then repeated the lines—

"A cloud lay crimsoned on the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson touched its braided snow,
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below ;
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
Ev'n in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanc'd to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought of the departed soul
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is giv'n,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heav'n ;
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies."

We had much talk afterwards of the journey into Germany, and his illness there, the particulars of which, Miss Caldecott had not till then had an opportunity of hearing.

His record of this Sunday is—

“A happy day, went to church in the afternoon, at home part of the evening, read an hour with Mrs. Bridges, to bed early.”

The next day was an exceedingly busy one with him. He had many poor patients in the morning, and paid a great many medical visits, not getting home to dinner till late. It was his custom, whenever possible, to take half an hour's sleep, immediately after he had dinner, and, as it was to Southey, this after-dinner nap was to him one of his greatest refreshments; but this day, he had been told that a poor young man, whose case was perfectly hopeless, and who in fact, died that night, could not rest till he had seen him again. He had not been able to call upon him during the morning, but immediately that he had eaten a hasty meal, he got up, flung on his cloak, and went out to see him. We had that evening a meeting at the house of a small Literary Society, called the Mutual Information Society. The meetings were held for the reading and discussion of papers on certain given questions. Dr. Mackness, though not a member of the society, (of which I was one of the secretaries,) took much interest in it, and looked

forward with pleasure to the time when it should be held at our house, meaning to be present. He told me in the course of the day, that he was fearful, on account of his engagements, that he should not be able to join us; however, after we had been some time assembled he came in, looking dreadfully pale and tired. He took his seat nevertheless, and soon became engaged in interesting conversation. The subjects that night, were Conscience, and the Philosophy of Apparitions. Dr. Mackness related an instance of pre-moition of death, in the case of one of his patients. He talked for some time with Mr. Vores on phrenology and other subjects, and when the company had left, he said he had had a very pleasant evening. One who was present said, "I think I was as much pleased with what Mr. Vores said to Dr. Mackness, as with any part of the conversation." I had not heard the remark, and asked what it was, but the Doctor said quickly, "Oh! never mind, do not repeat that." What had been said was to this effect, "How can I doubt of the truth of phrenology, Dr. Mackness, when I see the organ of benevolence so plainly in your head."

The entry in his journal for this day—it was the last he made, was as follows:—

"Very busy all day. The Mutual Information Society met here. A very pleasant meeting."

That night he had a most severe attack of

neuralgia, and suffered dreadfully. He afterwards said he had not suffered so much for fourteen years. The next day he was greatly exhausted, and quite unable to leave his bed. In the morning, whilst Mrs. Mackness was with him, he suddenly asked, "What was that last sermon that I heard, about?" and seemed rather confused, which alarmed her, and she sent for a medical friend, Mr. Savary, who came and saw him. The following morning, he seemed much better, got up, came down stairs, and talked of going out, and we fondly hoped he was going to rally in the rapid and unexpected manner he had so often done before; but after he had been up a short time, it was very evident his strength was not equal to any exertion, and he consented to remain quiet all day. On Thursday morning, our friend Miss Caldecott, who had put off her going for one day, in hopes of seeing him better, was obliged to leave. She went away, hoping that the worst was over, and that he was at least on the road to recovery. He came down stairs on Thursday, but seemed exceedingly languid, and his cough and breathing very bad. He lay on the sofa all day, dosing much, and talking in his sleep, symptoms which greatly alarmed us. In the evening, he said, "I think I will try whether a game of chess will do me good, if it were to divert my mind, and give me a better night, it would be a great point gained."

I played six games with him, he won them all, which well he might, for the mixture of languor and excitement in his manner so absorbed my attention, that I moved the pieces almost at random. After the games were over, however, he said that the evening had passed off pleasantly, and he thought he should now sleep well. A friend came in, and sat half an hour with him, but it was evident enough that he could scarcely bear the fatigue of conversation. After he had retired to bed, the cough and breathing became so distressing, that Mrs. Mackness got up, and sent for Mr. Savary; some counter-irritant was used, and medicine given. The night was a very disturbed one, I, with a servant who had often nursed him, sat up in the dressing-room, and Mrs. Mackness, who was much worn out, lay down in the room he was in. He talked much in his sleep, in a roaming unconnected manner, but was always collected when quite awake and spoken to. The thoughts which seemed to pass over his mind, were generally of a pleasant and cheerful character, relating to his daily engagements. Once he said, "You should not be cast down, Why art thou cast down, O my soul — trust — trace," evidently alluding to an expression in some old work, often quoted, "We must trust God, where we cannot trace him." About five o'clock in the morning, he began to talk with great vehemence and ex-

citement about his recovery, declaring himself much better, &c.; he ceased, however, upon being spoken to, and became quiet. When Mr. Savary came in the morning, he recommended another opinion being taken, and Dr. Duke was accordingly requested to call. When he came, Dr. Mackness was apparently better, and actually beginning to dress, with the intention of coming down stairs, although so weak that he could scarcely do anything for himself. Dr. Duke, on examining the chest, immediately pronounced his disease pneumonia, and ordered leeches, &c. I went up to Dr. Mackness, after Dr. Duke had left him. He said, "I am glad I have seen him, he has brought me a diagnosis of the case, and it quite agrees with my own opinion." He seemed cheerful, and quite hopeful, and gave me directions to have the carriage, and go round to his patients, explaining to them that he should not be out for some days, &c. &c. It was a wet and stormy afternoon. I went through a long list of visits, speaking words of encouragement with a foreboding heart. Whilst I was gone, Mrs. Mackness being alone with her husband, asked him to tell her what he really thought of himself. He replied, "I know it will be a struggle between life and death, but I trust in my Redeemer." She said, "I hope you feel yourself safe on a rock." "Yes," he said, "the Rock of Ages,

and you too, Maria, must trust in the great, great, great mercy of God, trust in Him and He will never forsake you."

When I returned, I was struck with the increased debility that he manifested. He scarce asked me a question about the patients, respecting whom he had been so anxious only a few hours before.

In the evening he evidently was worse, and Mr. Dyer, a young medical friend, lately settled at Hastings, kindly consented to remain the night with us. To his care and watchfulness, it was indeed owing, that the fatal termination was warded off, even as long as it was. From time to time the pulse sank alarmingly, and it was only by frequently administering wine and other cordials, that life was kept in. All the night, however, he was cheerful and sensible when spoken to, though at the urgent desire of the medical men, he was kept as quiet as possible. "I am so comfortable," he frequently said, "everybody is so kind to me." He was particularly delighted with some ice, which a friend had sent us, thinking it might be useful, and swallowed lumps of it with great avidity. Still his mind wandered occasionally, and he could not keep his attention to any thought more than a moment. On its being said to him, "You trust in the Lord Jesus?" he answered, "Yes, I do, but"—and went on to give some

directions about the treatment of his own case. About four o'clock, when Mr. Dyer took the stethoscope to examine his chest, he said to him, "How do you find that lung," and made some other inquiries, saying, "One thing certainly is more favourable, I am certainly more conscious than I was of sayings and doings." This was, I believe, almost the last intelligible sentence that he uttered. He seemed so much better, that Mr. Dyer proposed to leave him for a short time, but he had scarcely been gone out of the room ten minutes, when he turned round, and a slight convulsion passed over the features. From that time, he never spoke, but lay breathing heavily, till about half-past six, when after a few faint sighs, the loving and beloved spirit, was released from its frail earthly tabernacle.

It was a mournful addition to the anguish of that bitter morning, Saturday February 8th, to have to send away from the door the poor patients, who came as usual, expecting to receive his advice. It was so little known that he was ill, that those who heard the tidings, could with difficulty be made to believe them. The next day being Sunday, Mr. Vores, who had known nothing of his illness till the Friday, and then nothing of its alarming character, preached from the words, "To me to live is Christ, and to die gain," announcing the change that had passed over one who only the Sunday afternoon before,

had been there listening to reflections on the spirits of just men made perfect, now as we trust amongst that blessed company; and giving a little sketch of Dr. Mackness's character, and especially enlarging on that feature of it, by which, however faintly, he resembled Him who went about *doing good*.

The remains were interred in St. Mary's Cemetery, on Friday, February 14th, Mr. Vores reading the burial service. He was followed to the grave by his widow, brother, nephew, and myself, three of his domestic servants, and several of his medical brethren, and intimate friends, the Mayor and Corporation of Hastings, also making part of the procession.

In the Hastings paper, for February 14th, appeared the following lines, written by John Dennis, Esq., whose mother had long been under Dr. Mackness's care, and a letter to announce whose death was received only a few days before his own decease:—

“ TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES MACKNESS, ESQ., M.D.

“ We mourn and wonder at the gap death makes,
Not by the living can thy place be filled,
But tears are needful only for our sakes,
Thy work was done, and all God meant fulfilled.
We measure not thy life by years, but worth,—
For he lives longest who does most on earth.

“ And thou art living yet in the fond hearts
Of all whom sickness brought beneath thy care.
Skill may relieve, but sympathy imparts
Fresh wings to Hope, and even quells Despair;
They who once felt it may forget thee never,
Thy patients for a day, thy friends for ever.

“ Death gave thee immortality, and now
’Mid the first throbbings of a nobler life,
How dost thou look upon the scenes below?
Its toil and grief, its vanity and strife?
The labour o’er, how sweet the rest must be!
The battle fought, how grand the victory!

“ Farewell! farewell! the spirits of the just
Have called thee brother. Happy soul, adieu!
We grieve no more, but with unshaken trust
Would look beyond this narrow earth-bound view.
God summoned thee, and now His love has given
‘The rest and the activities of Heaven.’

“ *Dorking, February 25th, 1851.*”

To attempt any formal delineation of character would be useless, since if the above memorials have failed to convey an impression of it, there is little hope that words of mine could supply the deficiency, but a few extracts from letters received since Dr. Mackness’s death, will serve to show the estimation in which he was held by those who saw him from differing points of view. * The first I shall give, is from one who well knew him at Northampton. It gives a little additional information respecting his labours in that town.

* See Appendix. Note B.

“I do not know that I have anything special to communicate respecting our late friend. You know already that he was a man of active mind and kindly heart, and that any project which held out a fair promise of benefit to his fellow men, was sure to secure his energetic support. But in the case of the Mechanic’s Institute of this town, the project was his own. It is, I think, just twenty years ago, that he called upon several influential persons in the town, and suggested that an institution which should consist of a general library, not including the novels of the day, nor controversial politics and divinity, would be of great service to the humbler classes. In 1832, a meeting was held and an Institution formed, Mr. Mackness moving the first and instituting resolution. The late Lord Northampton accepted the office of President, and Mr. Vernon Smith, Mr. Hill of Wellingborough, Mr. Bouverie, Sir William Wake, and Sir George Robinson, consented to be named as Vice-presidents. Promising as all this seemed, it was up-hill work. Funds were slow in coming in. The Institution had to encounter a great deal of prejudice, and those who supported it had to put their shoulders to the wheel. How earnestly, how strenuously, and with what a genial nature Mr. Mackness lent his aid, some know better than I. He was not only a valuable and active member of the committee, but attended in his turn as Li-

brarian—the Institution not being yet strong enough to pay its servants—and delivered many very agreeable and instructive lectures, moral and scientific. He continued its staunch friend till ill health compelled him to quit the town

“Dr. Mackness was also the founder of a society called the Northampton Friendly Equitable Institution. His attention had long been directed to the vicious principles upon which benefit societies are commonly founded, and his purpose in instituting the society in question was to introduce a scale of payments recommended by Government, and to ensure the members against loss. During the first years of the society’s existence, he gave his professional attendance and medicine gratis. The society is still flourishing.

“Believe me,

“&c., &c.

“G. L. DE WILDE.”

The next letter concerns his medical character, and is from the pen of his valued friend, Dr. Robertson, of Northampton.

“I had a very high opinion of Dr. Mackness as a practical physician. Whenever I had occasion to send invalids to Hastings, I usually recommended them to place themselves under his care. In doing so, I felt convinced that they

would reap every advantage which the union of professional skill, genuine kindness, and watchful attention could effect in their respective cases. He was an excellent pathologist, and his unwearied attention to the developement of disease often detected symptoms and changes in their nascent state, which a practitioner more superficial, or less diligent, might have overlooked.

“If this vigilance and sagacity were important to his patients, they were no less important to his own reputation. By the union of ability and industry, Dr. Mackness rose rapidly in public estimation. Indeed, this union was at the bottom of all his success, whether as a practitioner, or as a writer.

“Dr. Mackness was a zealous and indefatigable member of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association. An invariable attendant at its annual meetings, he shrank from none of the labours of the Council, of the General Meetings, or of the Committees appointed for special objects. His loss will be greatly felt and generally lamented by the members of that Association. At the Hull Meeting last August, he was selected to prepare a monograph on the ‘Medical Topography and Natural History of Sussex,’ to be read at the next Annual Meeting of the Association at Brighton, in 1851. To those who knew Dr. Mackness’s attainments, and the assiduity

with which he worked at whatsoever he undertook, the Paper was the subject of high expectation—an expectation, alas! doomed never to be realized! His premature and unexpected death (for he was only forty-six) has deprived the Association and the medical world, of a Paper which, doubtless, would have been at once able, accurate, and comprehensive.

“His various writings have been well received by the profession. His greater work on the ‘Moral Aspects of Medical Life,’ though confessedly, in a great measure, a compilation, is rich in Medico-ethical lore, and contains a judicious mixture of facts and anecdotes, well calculated to instruct the student, to stimulate the aspirant after medical distinction, and to interest and guide even the grave practitioner of mature age.

“His treatise on the ‘Dysphonia Clericorum,’ was a copious and luminous exposition of a subject heretofore not separately investigated, but of great importance, not only to divines, but to parliamentary orators and public singers. It was eagerly read by those persons chiefly interested in its details. One wonders that with such few materials from preceding writers, and with such a comparatively small range of cases from the field of general practice, Dr. Mackness could have produced an essay so systematic and complete. But this he has done, and its popularity will reflect additional credit on his talents, both as an author and practitioner.”

The next extract is from a letter of Dr. Moore, the well-known author of the "Power of the Soul over the Body," and other interesting works, with whom, during the time that they both practised together in Hastings, Dr. Mackness had lived on terms of friendly intimacy.

"Although I have had many serious conversations with him, I cannot now recall any matter that would be useful for your purpose, and my correspondence with him has been only such as to confirm the truth of his general character for kindness and generosity. I do not wonder at the attachment of his patients to him, for I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the completeness with which he threw his mind into the consideration of his cases, and how thoroughly he blended kindly sympathy with his scientific endeavours for their improvement."

A lady, whom he was attending, also said to me, "He had the most remarkable *tact* I ever saw in any medical man. He would draw you into conversation, and all the while his eye was upon you, and you would find afterwards that he had been making observations."

The next two letters will show more fully what was the character of his intercourse with his patients.

"It seems more difficult than it at first sight

appeared, to give you in a connected form any idea of the remarks made to us from time to time by dear Dr. Mackness.

“It was impossible, as you well know, for those who saw him often, not to be struck with the sweet feeling and christian spirit which pervaded his whole life. Yet this impression was produced far more by the whole tenour of our intercourse with him, than by any lengthened or formal conversation on religious subjects. His remarks were always so beautifully appropriate, and introduced so naturally from what was passing around, that though at the time they were often most striking, they cannot easily be recalled.

“You know what an enthusiastic admirer he was of the beauties of nature—he really seemed to *love* flowers, and often when looking upon them, called upon us to admire the wisdom and skill of their Almighty Creator, reminding us how grateful we should be to that Goodness which has scattered such pleasures on our path, and placed us in so happy and beautiful a world. He several times read us letters which he thought would interest us. One from ——— seemed to delight him particularly by the spirit of resignation which it breathed. He then spoke most sweetly of the consolations of religion, remarking how inefficient, at such a time, is all human solace, and how delightful it was to be able to

believe that our Heavenly Father doeth all things well.

“I dare say you remember that a few weeks since Mr. Vores preached on the subject of death. Dr. Mackness was present, and on Monday, when he came in, he asked us how we liked the sermon, adding, that he was extremely pleased with it. He then went on to say that the Christian’s fear of death was often a wonder to him. It should, he said, be considered far more as the beginning than the end of life, and if we could more constantly realize the fact, that time here is but a preparation for Eternity, this would be the case. He then told us that in the course of his practice he had often noticed that those who, during their life, most dreaded the act of dying, when the appointed moment came, passed almost unconsciously from this state of suffering to one of everlasting bliss. The one great thing, then, was for each to be prepared for the summons, whenever it might come, and instead of dwelling on the gloomy prospects before us, to look beyond the grave to a future and happier state. Oh ! how little did we then think that in a few short weeks he would himself have passed through that dark valley, and have entered on that second life in glory !

“You know how very fond he was of his profession ; he had a long talk on this subject with

papa, a short time before his death. I remember his saying that the chief reason for his preference was, that he believed it afforded more opportunities of doing good than any other. The physician, he said, is necessarily told in confidence many things in which by skill and kindness he can render most important assistance. He is admitted at all hours, and knows so exactly the state of his patient, that he can, far better than even the clergyman, introduce at the proper moment the most important subjects, or administer that consolation which is often so much needed. "On these accounts," said he, "if I had twenty sons, I would wish to bring them up to the profession, not because I think it honourable or lucrative, but because it is the most useful, and therefore the happiest life." How fully he himself acted out these ideas we all know. For my own part, I can truly say, that the kindness with which he entered into all my pursuits, and conversed with me on those topics which he thought would interest me, rendered his visits the happiest part of the day. We do indeed mourn an *irreparable* loss.

"I am sorry to send you so poor an account, but you know the difficulty of putting down such things on paper. I do most sincerely hope that you will find ample materials for your work, and will be encouraged to undertake it, and that

thus the life of him who so endeared himself to all who knew him, may be still further appreciated, and be the means of doing much good.

“Your affectionate friend,
“J. C.”

“Marina, St. Leonards.”

FROM ANOTHER LADY, ALSO A PATIENT.

“——— I feel our acquaintance with dear Dr. Mackness was too short to justify my attempting the least delineation of him, but this I may say, that we were *greatly impressed* by the spirit in which he visited us. I mean both as to its *peculiar kindness*, and his manifest intention and endeavour to *do us good*. He brought us many books to read; among the rest, Miss Maurice’s very valuable work on sickness. Also several Biographies of a serious nature, and other books.

“One day I ventured to ask his acceptance of a little hymn book which had pleased me. He told me at the next visit that he could not resist giving it to another patient whom he had seen afterwards, but that he was “rewarded,” by finding on his return, that it had been sent to him in a parcel of books. He often staid long (though so busy,) and entered into conversation with me on education and other kindred subjects. To my dear mother he sometimes administered a friendly reproof for her too great anxiety, urging her to courage and trust. His kindness to us

and to the children was very remarkable. He looked at my young daughter's sketches, examined and named her sea-weeds, and gave her some rare ones. He found for us all we wanted, teachers and helpers of various kinds, and was most kindly *zealous* in going *himself* after accommodations for me, easy chair, &c., &c. His death was indeed a shock we most truly felt. I shall not soon forget it, nor will my mother. Mr. Vores' sermon the next day—what a testimony was that, and how comforting to believe truly that your *great loss*, is his *great gain*! I have written this note while reading aloud is going on—you will therefore, I hope, excuse its poverty.

“Yours very sincerely,
“P. J.”

“Breeds Place, March 17th.”

The Hymn Book here mentioned, was “Hymns and Meditations, by Anna Letitia Waring.” In the copy which Dr. Mackness thus gave away, he had marked the following lines on the 10th Hymn, Page 20.

And much I wish—but I will pray
For wisdom that the lowly find,
And O, my Saviour, every day
More of thy meek and quiet mind,
The comfort of a mind at rest
From every care Thou hast not blest.

And again,

Thou art my life's restoring rest,
In thee for safety let me hide,
And win me for thy grateful guest,
By love that will not be denied.

The next letter is from a young person in the humbler ranks of life, who had often resorted to Dr. Mackness for his advice.

“I am very much grieved to hear of the death of poor Dr. Mackness. He has always been a kind friend to me and all my family, and indeed to all that knew him, whether rich or poor, and it is for the loss that we all experience in his death that I grieve; but I ought to rejoice, for he has only exchanged this life of pain and trial, for one of eternal happiness. He was so kind and sympathizing; he always pitied me, for he entered into my sufferings, and told me one day that the longest life was but short, and that if I could not enjoy the pleasures that other people did, not to mind in this little journey—but I shall never hear his kind voice any more.

“E. C.”

The next and concluding letter will speak for itself.

“ My dear Miss H——,

“ You ask me if I have any letters from our deceased friend, and if not, that I will sketch for you some few recollections that may serve to illustrate his character.

“ I have *no* letters of his ; my intercourse with him was almost wholly personal, and I doubt whether, if I had any letters, they would convey a due impression of the man ; his characteristic was *action* rather than *sentiment*. I will try then to put on paper a few thoughts of my own, which, if they be less worthy a place in your Memoir than his letters would have been, may yet serve to transfer to the minds of others the impress of his moral and intellectual features stamped on mine. Should I fail in doing this, it will be from want of leisure at this time to collect together and recall them, or from want of ability to portray them, not from want of opportunity to observe them.

“ I became a resident in Dr. Mackness’ house early in the year 1847, and I continued with him until Midsummer. My mental health and nervous system had given way under the pressure of *continuous overwork*. I had neglected the homely truth, that if a man have but a shilling a-day, he must not spend thirteen-pence ;—not the *arithmetical rule*, but its *moral application* ; and as a

consequence, in mental energy and power, I had become *bankrupt*.

“Should these lines haply meet the eye of any brother clergyman who thinks himself at liberty, day after day continuously, perhaps in a careful and troubled spirit, to task the powers of his brain beyond their bearing, let him be warned that a day of reckoning will sooner or later come, and that it is an account that carries with it a compound rate of interest, which it may require years of rigid abstinence to discharge. Our good and gracious Master does not require this of his servants. His requirement is simply,—‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do (in the way of duty) do it with *thy might* ;’ in other words, set about it without delay, pursue it without remissness, and to the utmost of thy ability. He demands no more—and, as if to anticipate the mistake into which some even good men are apt to fall, and to weight themselves prospectively with a burden that does not belong to them, He tells them to ‘take no (anxious, careful) thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for itself,’ its duties, and its troubles, and its cares. ‘Sufficient to the day is the (duty as well as) the evil thereof.’ I may add that nevertheless there is *one*,—the ARCH-ADVERSARY,—who rejoices at and applauds and *stimulates* such prodigality and excess of thought and action, *knowing whereunto it tends*—but this by the way.

“It was in such a condition as this that a residence was sought for me with some physician, whose experience in cases of the kind might do for me all that *man* could do in the way of restoration, and Dr. Mackness was recommended as one well qualified to do this.

“For the first time in my life I was without either home or avocation, and I looked forward with anything but pleasurable anticipations to the taking up my abode in the house of one whom I had never seen. I premise this to show that in this retrospect my pen is not moved by the prejudices and partialities of early or ancient friendship. So far as any prejudice might be supposed to operate, it was unfavourable ; I was disinclined to regard with peculiar favour one to whom I was about to subject myself, in some sort as a little child, in the way of guidance, almost of subordination. A life passed, as to its larger portion, in counselling the steps and guiding the minds of others, had ill qualified me for submitting *myself* to the discipline and direction of a stranger and a junior. I felt, indeed, (at least *I hoped*,) that it was for my good that this should be, but you will readily understand that in circumstances such as these, the hope was allied to a feeling little likely to generate beforehand a partial estimate of the qualities of my host.

“It has pleased God, who in His Providence and wisdom saw it good thus to chasten me, (and

who doeth all things well,) almost wholly to restore to me my health. It strikes me, as no light tribute to the character of our friend, that I can now look back to the period of my residence in Wellington Square with feelings of un-mixed regard and esteem for him. It was a season of deep depression; of wretchedness such as none but those who have passed through it can at all appreciate. Four years have blunted the acuteness of the suffering in the review, but the considerate kindness, the cheerful temper, the gentleness and forbearance, the friendly watchfulness, and the liberal dealing of my host, live happily in my remembrance, notwithstanding the associations with which they were connected.

“It is said, that to know a man you must live in the house with him; to know him thoroughly you must live with him several moons. A man may wear a veil for a few weeks, but not longer. Our friend wore no veil, *not for an hour*. There was in him a transparency quite refreshing; you would not know him in an hour, but the last hour of a lengthened residence, though it would continue to expand the qualities of his mind and heart, would show in him no other difference—he would be *the same man*.

“It has been my privilege to have a large circle of Christian friends; I have had to lament the loss of many highly-gifted and most amiable

men, some of them in intellect, and education, and Christian experience greatly his superiors; but I am not sure that on the loss of any one of them I ever sorrowed more than when a neighbour brought to me the intelligence that he had been suddenly snatched away in his career of energetic usefulness and disinterested benevolence; and I am persuaded that a kindred feeling would be acknowledged by nearly every one of those who, for any length of time, have had opportunities of intercourse in the relationship of patient and physician,—*he was such an unselfish man!*

“When first I became an inmate in his house, he had just attained to the happy state of a man, who, having successfully struggled through the early difficulties of a physician’s course, has before him the prospect of at least a respectable competency in the diligent exercise of an honourable calling; it is, perhaps, altogether the happiest stage of a man’s earthly career,—he is borne hopefully and joyfully onwards. Our friend loved his profession, for its own sake, as well as for its ends. I saw him as few patients see a physician. I saw him *behind the scenes*, so to speak. I had many and earnest conversations with him on the subject of his profession in its various relationships, and he appeared to me, to have adopted, in substance, the determination of the good and great Fothergill, who, in a letter

to a friend, thus expresses himself, 'I endeavour to follow my business because it is *my duty*, rather than *my interest*, the last is indeed necessarily *inseparable from a just discharge of duty*, but I have ever wished to look at the profits *in the last place*, and this wish has attended me ever since my beginning.'*

"Memory presents him to me as one who thought not of himself, but as one in whom professional skill and personal and overflowing kindness were concentrated, that they might be outpoured upon his patients and his friends. I saw him regardless of ease or pain, of meals or sleep, (I may add of *fees*, about which, a word or two presently,) making his patients' case his own, and being to them the friend, the counsellor, in some cases almost *the nurse*, as well as the physician, for he knew not only what to direct *to be done*, but *how to do it*. Sir Matthew Baillie's maxim formed part of his professional creed, that 'the most successful treatment of patients depends upon the exertion of sagacity, or good common sense, guided by a competent professional knowledge, and not by following strictly the rules of practice laid down *in books*, even by men of the greatest talents. It is very seldom (he was used to say) that diseases are found *pure and unmixed*, as they are commonly *described* by authors, and there is an almost

* Lives of British Physicians, p. 186, Murray.

endless variety of constitutions. The treatment must be adapted to this mixture and variety, in order to be successful, and this allows of a very wide field for the exercise of *good common sense* on the part of the physician.* Dr. Mackness possessed this good common sense.

"I have said that I saw him behind the scenes;—by this I shall be understood to mean, simply *without disguise*, there were really *no scenes*. The happiness of his daily life, evidently consisted in an earnest effort by all possible and lawful means to get his patients well in the shortest time; his anxiety to minister to their comfort as well as to alleviate their disease, was an animating and pervading principle, and he did not think it beneath the dignity of his calling, to exercise a mechanical talent which incidentally he possessed, in manufacturing for a patient confined to her couch in a recumbent posture, a little contrivance by which she might read, or take her food, without the necessity of sitting up; when missed one night from his bed, and sought for by Mrs. Mackness with some anxiety, he was found below, with the gas turned on, and plane, and saw, and chisel by his side, engaged in its construction.

"But I saw him at another time also, and under another aspect, and as regards myself under happier auspices. When, my health being

* "Gold Headed Cane," Life of Baillie, p. 158, Murray.

somewhat amended, and streaks of light began to dawn through the long dark vista, I re-visited Hastings for several months, in the winter of 1849, no longer Dr. Mackness guest, not even then his patient, I frequently took part in the services of St. Mary's in the Castle, and visited some of the sick folk with which Hastings, especially in the winter, abounds, assigned to me by the considerate kindness of its much regarded, and most estimable minister. In the character of a spiritual physician, I had frequent and further opportunities of becoming acquainted with Dr. Mackness' character, and of learning the regard in which he was held by those who sought his aid,—for some of the objects of my charge were among the number of his patients,—and their testimony was *one and unvarying*; it testified to kindness, considerateness, and disinterestedness, and self-denying effort for their recovery. At this time, too, through the hospitality of the residents, I mingled a good deal in the society of the place, and heard men's characters talked of, as men will talk of them. The only fault I ever heard laid to his charge, (it did not indeed *always* come from his *patients*,) was that on the second or third visit, he sometimes forgot to hold out his hand, or *look for* the accustomed guinea.

“That some rules for the guidance of the members of the higher branches of a profession,

depending on voluntary and conventional offerings, are needful, I question not ; they are expedient to protect the body from the affected liberality of those who forbear now, that they may exact hereafter. If Dr. Mackness was less rigidly observant of such rules than some, and was thereby obnoxious to the censure of his brethren, I can only say, (and it is a case in which the *motive* has everything to do with the *act*,) I do most conscientiously and firmly believe, that the neglect arose in him from no unworthy reaching after the business of competitors, but solely from a spirit that rejoiced in alleviating the sufferings of others, *regardless of himself*. The apostle's description of the charity that 'seeketh not her own,' was applicable to him, nor, I am happy to say, is his case a solitary one.

"The last five years have brought me extensively into contact with physicians ; and if now and then a thought has intruded itself on my mind, as to the disproportion borne by the brief minute or two of time bestowed upon the patient, to the amount that has glided into and chinked at the bottom of the pocket of the practitioner, it has been summarily dismissed by the remembrance of the skill, the patience, the attention, the almost brotherly sympathy, and, in all but every case, the disregard of pecuniary consideration manifested towards me. I bear a glad and grateful testimony to the fact. Of this number was our friend ;—it

was his *characteristic*. I have moved from my study where I am writing, to ask of her who was the companion of my wanderings and the sharer of my sorrows, herself the most gentle and unselfish of human beings, and well competent to judge of such quality in others, 'What was the distinguishing quality in Dr. Mackness that now prominently presents itself to your remembrance?'—'*Unselfishness*,' was the reply; 'And what his chief fault?'—'I do not remember any,' was the rejoinder. Those who know the witness, will know that her testimony is simply truthful; unselfishness, like charity, hides 'a multitude of sins.'

"And I may here properly speak of the liberality and consideration that pervaded all the arrangements of his house, as respects ourselves whilst beneath his roof. If the compensation was liberal, so was the treatment, both on his part and that of Mrs. Mackness. Our mutual comfort and my restoration were the objects constantly aimed at by both, and to this end nothing was spared. I remember upon one occasion, when we left him to visit a dear friend at Winchelsea for a week, that he would insist on returning to me the week's quota of the stipulated payment; the proposal was of course resisted; and the friendly strife was only terminated by the handing over the amount to a distressed and disabled member of his own profession, then so-

journing at Hastings, whose large family and failing means made such a contribution acceptable. Dr. M. both personally realized and recognized the truth—‘*haud ignara malis, miseris succurrere disco.*’

“The increase in his wealthier patients did not lead him to relinquish the practice which had long been his, of giving to the humbler classes, thrice a week during an hour in the morning, the benefit of his advice, listening to their details, and writing for them the requisite prescription, as patiently and carefully as for the former. To myself, as an inmate, the thronged hall, and sometimes the crowded staircase when the benches no longer served, were, at first especially, not a little inconvenient, but it was soon merged in admiration of the benevolence and self-denial which could thus, year after year, dedicate to ‘the poor that shall never cease out of the land,’ so considerable a portion of his time and strength. Yet, strange to say, I have heard this practice censured, as, in some sort, a breach of the professional etiquette before adverted to, and as having *a selfish end!* Selfishness there might be, but it was the selfishness of a man who finds self gratified in diminishing the sum of human misery. Incidentally and at first, no doubt, there was intermingled the desire of self-improvement in the several departments of his profession, but at the time I speak of

there was no need of this. The fact was, that Dr. Mackness looked upon himself, (as was happily said in that exquisitely beautiful little portrait of Sarah Locke* by a certain nameless friend of ours,) as 'intrusted with a ministry of healing,' and as 'having his appointed work to do in the world;' and he thought, no doubt, that it would ill become him to throw aside *the poor* when *the rich* betook themselves to him. The continuance of the practice afterwards, shows to my mind conclusively, *the motive and principle* of the action.

"But he is gone to the land where there is no wrong judgment, no more sickness, no more sorrow, and, blessed be God, no more SIN, the cause of all; where earthly conventions have no more place, and where, though there is room for the sinner, there is no room for the sin. May you and I, and those who causelessly censured him, as well as those who dearly loved him, realize in our last hour the truth, that 'blessed is the man that considereth the *poor*, (margin, *the sick*,) the Lord will deliver him in the time of *trouble*, (margin, 'the *evil day*').

"To those 'who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon THE HOPE set before' them in the Gospel, and in HIM have brought forth 'the fruits of righteousness,' that *day* cannot be properly called an *evil day*, for though it be 'the grave and gate of death,' its portals are to such 'the gates of

* Brampton Rectory, First Edition, pp. 159, 160.

everlasting life ;' but *the pain of dying* may be instinctively an object of dread and a 'time of trouble,' where yet death may have been disarmed of his sting. It was a knowledge of this truth, no doubt, that led the framers of our Liturgy, in the Church's Burial Service, to put into the mouths of attending mourners, the petition,—'suffer us not at our last hour for *any pains* of death to fall from thee.' To the man who in his life-time has considered the poor, and the weak, and the sick,—who for the Lord's sake has remembered the Lord's people, members of his body,—the promise that follows in the third verse of the Psalm which I have cited* is direct and sure, 'the Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing ; He will make all his bed in his sickness,' and the recollection of unselfish acts, such as those I have alluded to, may tend to cheer and comfort him on his dying pillow, even though accompanied by the full conviction, that when all has been done, he is but an unprofitable servant. He who is THE FAITHFUL ONE has said,—'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

"I am writing under the felt disadvantage of not knowing what you have written, and thus I may be reiterating what has been both before and so much better said ; should this be so, I

* Psalm xli. 1, 3.

would beg of you to use *the flat end* of the style* freely,—‘*vertere stylum.*’ I am writing, too, under pressure, and may truly plead in excuse for the length, if not the diffuseness of my letter, the plea put forth by Dr. Balguy, on a complaint that a particular Sermon was somewhat of the longest,—that he had not *time to make it shorter.*

“The account which you give me of the gradual growth and deepening of Dr. Mackness’ religious impressions, is most grateful to me. His was naturally an *honest* heart, and the good seed of the Word, whose ‘entrance giveth light,’ would, when sown, be likely (speaking after the manner of men,) readily to take root, and spring up and bear precious fruit. The Lord’s spiritual harvests are not tied to seasons like our natural harvests.

“May your little Memoir conduce largely to the praise and glory of our most gracious God, magnifying his rich, and free, and sovereign grace, in ‘whatsoever things were honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report’ in our departed friend; and may the consolations of his abounding mercies be poured out upon the bereaved widow.

“With our united kind regards to her and to yourself, in which Mrs. Spence most cordially joins, I beg you to believe me, my dear Miss H——,

“Most truly yours,

“GEORGE SPENCE.”

“Lee, Blackheath,
July, 1851.”

* Neque enim sine causâ creditum est stilum non minus agere quum delet. *Quinct.*

From these letters it will not be difficult for the reader to construct in the mind an image of him whose life has here been faintly traced ; but that image will be essentially defective if it do not present the idea of a man of clear, quick perception, close concentration of mind, and untiring energy and perseverance. Yet more, of one singularly endowed with the power of loving and of making himself beloved, tender as a woman, yet firm, decided, and fearless as a man. Most of all, the image of a Christian, not fitted, indeed, with close precision to any mechanical type, but touched with living fire, and moulded in silence and suffering into the essential form of Humility, Faith, and Love.

To God's unmerited goodness be all the glory, through Christ our Lord !

APPENDIX.

NOTE A., p. 121.

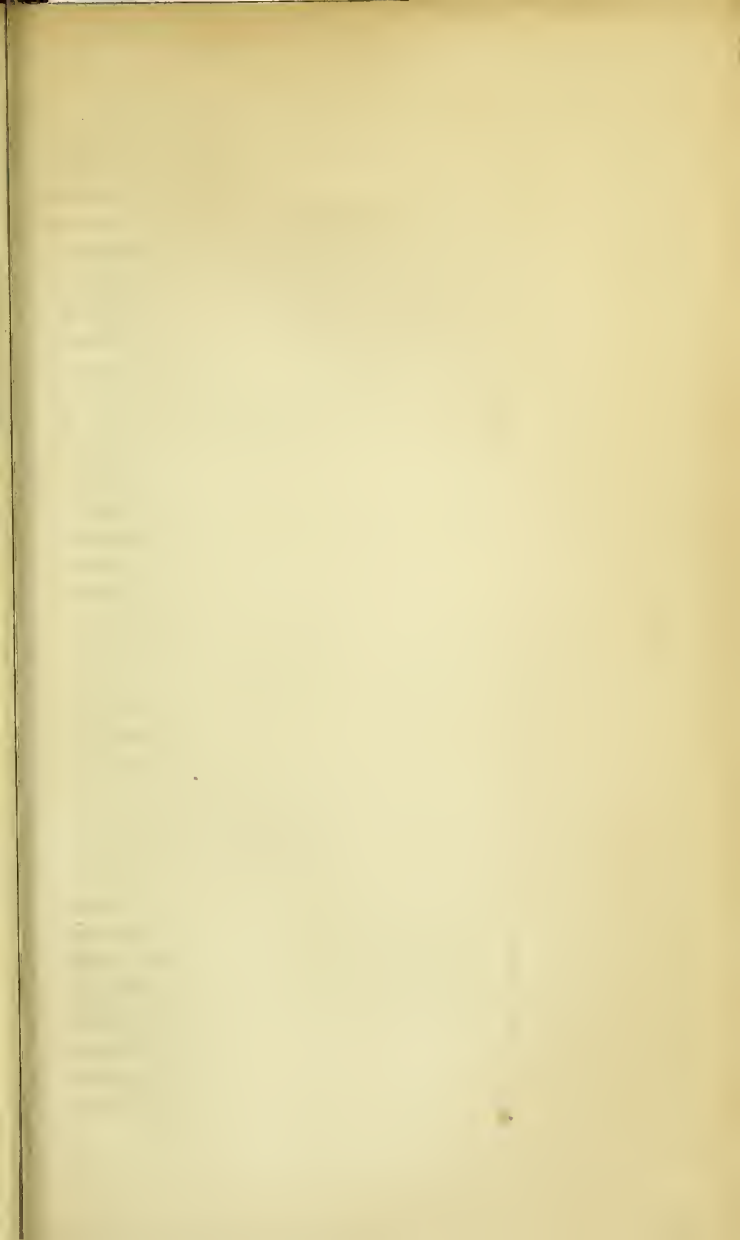
SINCE writing the remarks in the text, I have met with the same sentiments, so much more forcibly expressed, that I cannot resist quoting the passage.

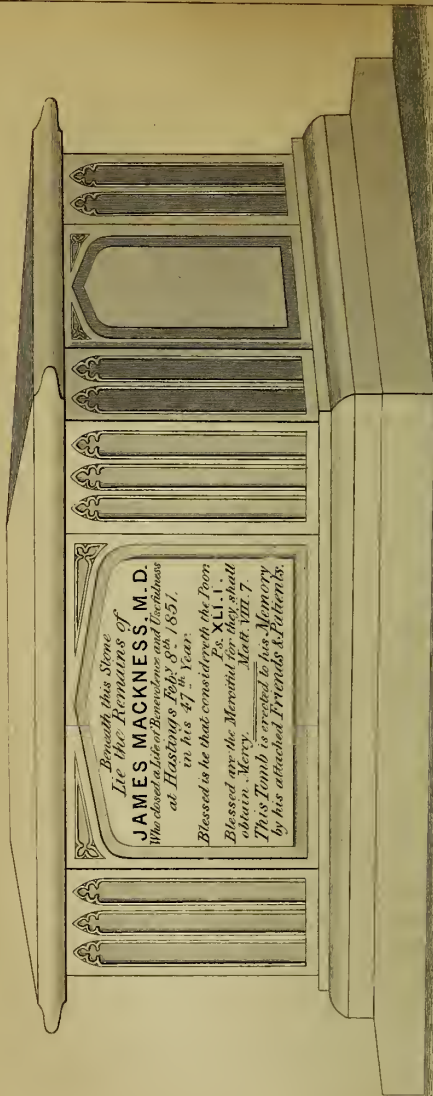
“ If there be one thing more wanting in the present age than another, it is a *high ideal* of the Christian life, in its combined experimental and practical bearings. Of Christian *profession*, indeed, there is abundance, and to those who think ‘*a decided profession*’ of Christianity the great consummation to be aimed at, the above remark may appear very superfluous. But is it not manifest to any reflecting mind, that the *profession* of Christianity could not possibly be made of any account, except in times and under circumstances in which there is nothing very high or distinctive in its practice? The proper profession of Christianity is its practice; and were that practice based upon an elevated ideal of Christian duty, the inquiry as to a man’s profession, would be as much out of place as an inquiry respecting a Howard, whether he *professed* a love for humanity, and a desire to promote human happiness.

“ It is, in fact, a high practical ideal of the real nature and purity of the Christian life, which, amidst all the profession of the present age, is most deeply wanting. Scruples there are in abundance, if *they* constituted practical Christianity; cases of conscience enough, if they indicated a high perception of moral duty; formal and precise regulations in superfluity, respecting the intercourse of *professors* with the world, if they were of any avail to ensure the purity of the Christian life; but with all this, where is the community of professed Christians, who would stand out in clear moral relief above the rest of mankind, were not their separation marked out by customs, habits, usages, and *professions*, which form no essential part of Christianity at all? Do not all good men feel that the separation between the Church and the world, as it now for the most part exists, is a thing purely artificial, and that (leaving out, of course, the worthless of mankind) we seldom look for any higher principle of action or duty in the one than we do in the other? The very eagerness which is manifest to make that separation clearer, by habits and rules perfectly non-essential, is the most certain proof that the really *essential* distinction is not great enough to dispense with some other line of demarcation.

“ I am not intending, by these remarks, to say that Christianity is a dead letter in our country, far from it; but I mean that we look in vain for a very high ideal of it amongst any Christian community. Often there is much earnest, sincere, unassuming piety in the world, where the ‘professors,’ perhaps, would deny its very existence; and often there is none at all, where the profession of Christianity is arrogated. Much of the Christian element pervades *all* earnest and sober-thinking men of our day, whatever they may profess; but as for fixing our eye upon any one point, and saying, Here is truth, in its fulness and perfec-







*Beneath this Stone
Lie the Remains of*
JAMES MACKNESS, M.D.
*Who closed a Life of Benevolence and Uprightness
at Hastings Feb'y 8th 1851,
in his 47th Year.*

*Blessed is he that considereth the Poor
Ps. XLI. i. "u
Blessed are the Merciful for they shall
obtain Mercy. Matt. VIII. 7.
This Tomb is erected to his Memory
by his attached Friends & Patients."*

tion, both as a theory and a practice,—such happiness, I fear, it is not for us in the present age to aspire after. Individuals there are, and ever have been, in whom a very high ideal of the Christian life has been realized; but the very wonder and admiration with which they are regarded. proves the depressed standard of those around them; while their existence equally amongst all parties, shows how little the true elevation of the Christian character depends upon those points, about which the different portions of the Church are mainly contending.”—*Preface to Morell's Philosophy of Religion.*

NOTE B., p. 236.

Amongst the testimonies of affectionate respect to the memory of Dr. Mackness, some of which from motives of delicacy cannot be mentioned here, the following must be noticed :—

Two gentlemen, whose families had been attended by Dr. Mackness, had, at their sole expense, his portrait engraved on stone, by Macguire, giving the proceeds of the sale of the lithograph to the Infirmary, as a memorial of him.

A number of other friends, amongst whom were some of the working classes, subscribed to raise a plain, but handsome tomb, on the spot where his remains are deposited. A design of the tomb, with a fac-simile of the inscription, will accompany this Memoir.



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ERRATA.

For "Stethescope," at page 74, and in several other places, read "Stethoscope."

The date of the year omitted from page 33 to page 64.

1834



